The Traveller, Family Journal,

AND

SPIRIT OF THE TIMES

LIFE IN NEW-YORK

BY CHARLES J. B. FISHER,
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OF "THE TRAVELLER" & "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES

Sports of the Turf.

LIST OF RACES TO COME.

May 29—*Marion Course*, Alabama.
Sweepstakes—4 entered.

June 6—*Poughkeepsie Races*, Dutchess county
FIRST DAY.

At 12 o'clock, Sweepstakes for three year old Colts Mile heats—for $300 each, $100 forfeit,—nine subscribers.

At 2 o'clock, two mile heats—purse, $200
SECOND DAY,
At 2 o'clock, three mile heats—purse $300
THIRD DAY,
At 2 o'clock, four mile heats—purse $500

June 11—*Lawrenceville Races*, Va.—3 days.
FIRST DAY,
A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, $100 entrance, h f four or more to make a race.
SECOND DAY,
Proprietor's Purse $250, entrance $15, two mile heats.
THIRD DAY,
Jockey Club Purse $500, $20 entrance, four mile heats.
Immediately after this race, an elegant saddle, bridle, &c. will be hung up to be run for.

July 4—*Tallahassee Course*, Florida.
Sweepstakes—3 year old Colts.
(List closes at date above.)

HUNTING VOCABULARY.

Hey away!—Hey on, good dog!—Is a general encouragement to general beat.

Have a care!—A caution, when you perceive him pressing rashly upon his birds, and in danger of springing them.

Hold up, good dog!—When he is diffident of following up his point, or is dwelling upon a false taunt.

Take heed, or *To-ho!*—A caution to him when he fixes to his point, and warning to other dogs to back, accompanied by the holding up of the right hand, the same as to down.

Down charge!—The word of command instantly after firing, which must be *imperative*.

Seek dead—A notice for him to go in search of the dead or wounded birds.

Ware bird, or *Ware dead*—A check when he attempts to *mouth* or *snap* a dead or dying bird.

Ware chase—A challenge (loud and sharp) for chasing birds upon the wing.

Ware hare—A check of decisive recall from an unlawful pursuit.

Ware lark—A summons to cease from puzzling on a worthless haunt.

Gone, gone—A notice that birds are away, and a signal to go on.

Come in—Come in here—Or the whistle—A summons he should promptly obey, and come in to heel.

THE FORCE OF GRATITUDE IN A DOG.

Brown, in his Sketches, says that a large setter, ill with the distemper, had been most tenderly nursed by a lady for three weeks. At length he became so weak as to be placed on a bed, where he remained three days in a dying situation. After a short absence, the lady, on re-entering the room, observed him to fix his eyes attentively on her, and made an effort to crawl across the bed to her. This he accomplished, evidently for the sole purpose of licking her hands, which having done, he expired without a groan. "I am," says Mr. Blaine, "as convinced that the animal was sensible of his approaching dissolution, and that this was a last forcible effort to express his gratitude for the care taken of him, as I am of my own existence; and had I witnessed this proof of excellence alone, I should think a life devoted to the amelioration of the condition of dogs far too little for their deserts."—*Am. Turf Reg. & Sport. Mag.*

THE HUNGRY ARAB.

A TALE FROM THE TOHFET AL MOJAILIS.

An Arab, who was travelling through the desert, was almost exhausted with hunger and thirst, when he unexpectedly perceived a man who had spread his cloak upon the ground and was taking his repast with an excellent appetite. The Arab saluted him, according to custom, and sat down beside him. "Whence comest thou?" asked the stranger. "From the village," replied the famished Arab, hoping that he should be invited to partake. "Hast thou seen my house?" continued the former. "Yes," answered the Arab; "it is beautiful and magnificent; its roof reaches to the sky, and its court is delightful as the plains of Paradise."

Hast thou seen my shepherd's dog?

O, yes! He watches thy herds and thy flocks with such vigilance that not a wolf dares to approach them.

Hast thou seen my son, Chalid?

Yes; he was at school, and was reading to his master in the Koran with great fluency, and in a most impressive tone.

How is Chalid's mother?

As well as thou canst wish; and there is not a creature, either male or female, in all Arabia, who manages a house better, or can weave more skilfully, or bears a higher character for mildness and benevolence.

Hast thou also seen my camel, that carries out water?

Yes; it is in the best condition.

The man hearing all this welcome intelligence concerning his wife, his son, and his property, was so rejoiced that he began to eat with still greater appetite, but offered the languishing Arab not a single morsel. This unfortunate wretch, tormented with the pangs of hunger, was now ashamed of his flattery, and said to himself, "I must attack this covetous and insatiable fellow in another way." At this moment a dog came up; allured by the smell of the victuals, he stood still and wagged his tail.

"Yes," said the hungry Arab, "if thy dog were still alive, he would have wagged his tail exactly in the same manner."—"Alas!" exclaimed the man, "is my dog dead? How did he perish?"

By drinking the blood of thy camel! said the Arab.

What! did my camel die too?

No, replied the Arab, they killed it for the funeral dinner of Chalid's mother.

O, heavens! is Chalid's mother dead?

Yes, answered the Arab.

Of what disorder did she die?

Of great disorder! she struck her head with such violence against Chalid's tomb, that she died of the wound.

What! my son dead too?

A violent earthquake demolished thy house, said the Arab, and he was buried beneath the ruins.

Grief and horror at this melancholily intelligence, deprived the stranger of his appetite; he ceased to eat, rose from his repast, left his provisions behind him, and hastened home with all possible dispatch, while the hungry Arab sat down and regaled himself.

We regret to learn that the Hon. Langdon Cheves had his arm broke, a few days since, in consequence of the upsetting of the stage between Augusta and Savannah. The driver was also thrown from his seat, and received considerable injury. Assistance was immediately procured, and we understand they are both doing well.—*Savannah Republican.*

WONDERS OF NATURE.

ROCK BRIDGE IN VIRGINIA.

On a lovely morning, towards the close of spring, I found myself in a very beautiful part of the Great Valley of Virginia. Spurred onward by impatience, I beheld, the sun rising in splendor, and changing the blue tints on the tops of the lofty Alleghany mountains, into streaks of purest gold, and nature seemed to smile in the freshness of beauty. A ride of about fifteen miles, and a pleasant woodland ramble of about two, brought myself and companion to the great *Natural Bridge*.

Although I had been anxiously looking forward to this time, and my mind had been considerably excited by expectation, yet I was not altogether prepared for this visit. This great work of nature is considered by many as the second great curiosity in our country, Niagara falls being the first. I do not expect to convey a very correct idea of this bridge, for no description can do this. The Natural Bridge is entirely the work of God. It is of solid lime stone, and connects two huge mountains together by a most beautiful arch, over which, there is a great wagon road. Its length from one mountain to the other, is nearly 80 feet, its width about 55, its thickness 45, and its perpendicular height over the water is not far from 220 feet. A few bushes grow on its top, by which the traveller may hold himself as he looks over. On each side of the stream, and near the bridge, are rocks projecting ten or fifteen feet over the water, and from two to three hundred feet from its surface, all of limestone. The visitor cannot give so good a description of this bridge, as he can of his feelings at the time. He softly creeps out on a shaggy projecting rock, and looking down a chasm of from 40 to 60 feet wide, he sees, nearly three hundred feet below, a wild stream foaming and dashing against the rocks beneath, as if terrified at the rocks above.—The stream is called Cedar Creek. The visiter here sees trees under the arch, whose height is 70 feet; and yet, to look down upon them, they appear like small bushes of perhaps two or three feet in height. I saw several birds fly under the arch, and they looked liked insects. I threw down a stone, and counted 34 before it reached the water. All hear of heights and of depths, but they here see what is high, and they tremble, and feel it to be deep. The awful rocks present their everlasting buttments, the water murmers and foams far below, and the two mountains rear their proud heads on each side, separated by a channel of sublimity. Those who view the sun, the moon, and the stars, and allow that none but God could make them, will here be impressed, that none but an Almighty God could build a bridge like this.

The view of the bridge from below, is as pleasing as the top view is awful. The arch from beneath, would seem to be about two feet in thickness.—Some idea of the distance from the top to the bottom may be formed from the fact, that as I stood on the bridge, and my companion beneath, neither of us could speak with sufficient loudness to be heard by the other. A man from either view, does not appear more than four or five inches in height.

As we stood under this beautiful arch, we saw the place where visiters have often taken the pains to engrave their names upon the rock. Here Washington climbed up 25 feet and carved his own name, where it still remains. Some, wishing to immortalize their names, have engraven them deep and large, while others have tried to climb up and insert them high in this book of fame.

A few years since, a young man, being ambitious to place his name above all others, came very near losing his life in the attempt. After much fatigue, he climbed up as high as possible, but found that the person who had before occupied his place was taller than himself, and consequently had placed his name above his reach. But he was not thus to be discouraged. He opens a large jack knife, and in the soft lime stone, began to cut places for his hand and feet. With much patience and industry he worked his way upwards, and succeeded in carving his name higher than the most ambitious had done before him. He could now triumph, but his triumph was short, for he was placed in such a situation, that it was impossible to descend, unless he fell upon the rugged rocks beneath him. There was no house near, from whence his companions could get assistance. He could not long remain in that condition, and what was worse, his friends were too much frightened to do any thing for his relief. They looked upon him as already dead, expecting every moment to see him precipitated upon the rocks below and dashed to pieces. Not so with himself. He determined to ascend. Accordingly, he plied himself with his knife, cutting places for his hands and feet, and gradually ascended with incredible labor. He exerted every muscle. His life was at stake, and all the terrors of death rose before him. He dared not to look downwards, lest his head should become dizzy; and perhaps on this circumstance his life depended. His companions stood at the top of the rock, exhorting and encouraging him. His strength was almost exhausted; but a bare possibility of saving his life still remained, and hope, the last friend of the distressed, had not yet forsaken him. His course upwards, was rather obliquely than perpendicularly. His most critical moment was now arrived. He had ascended considerably more than 200 feet, and had still further to rise, when he felt himself fast growing weak. He thought of his friends and all his earthly joys, and he could not leave them. He thought of the grave, and he dared not meet it. He now made his last effort, and succeeded. He had cut his way not far from 230 feet from the water, in a course almost perpendicular; and in a little less than two hours, his anxious companions reached him a pole from the top, and drew him up. They received him with shouts of joy; but he himself was completely exhausted. He immediately fainted away on reaching the spot, and it was some time before he could be recovered.

It was interesting to see the path up these awful rocks, and to follow in imagination this bold youth as he thus saved his life. His name stands far above all the rest, a monument of hardihood, of rashness, and of folly.

One Swallow does not make a Summer.—One sharp frosty day, the Prince of Wales went into the Thatched-house Tavern, and ordered a beef-steak; but, observing that it was excessively cold, desired the waiter to bring him first a glass of brandy and water. He emptied that in a twinkling, then a second, then a third. "Now" said his Royal Highness, "I am warm and comfortable; bring my steak." On this, Mr. Sheridan, who was present, wrote the following impromtu:

"The prince came in and said 'twas cold,
Then put to his head a rummer;
Till swallow after swallow came,
Then he pronounc'd it summer."—
Liver. Albion.

Right views of things.—The witty and convivial Lord Kelly, being in his early years much addicted to dissipation, his mother advised him to take example by a gentleman whose constant food was herbs, and his drink water. "What, madam," said he, "would you have me imitate a man who *eats like a beast, and drinks like a fish*?"

"*Martin Luther.*—A genuine portrait of the great Reformer, Martin Luther, has been discovered, and is in fine condition, considering that it has been painted 300 years. It is on a thick oak panel, circular shape, the head of the Holbein size, and it is said to be by the hand of Albert Drurer. It may be seen at the house of Mr. Guy, West street, Chichester.

For the Traveller and Times.

TOWN TALK, &c.

A PROBABILITY.

It appears the great Sea Serpant is no hoax after all; at least an "Up South" paper, affirms to a dead certainty, that one was lately discovered on the coast near South Carolina, having a hundred and fifty bumps palpable on his back, though *not more* than *half a mile* of the animal was then visible.—Some incredulous people may be inclined to sneer at this, but we can assure them, on *our editorial veracity*, that it is all gospel truth, for besides the indubitable authority stated, a Kentuckian captain saw it shortly afterwards, with more than a yard of the top of a main mast sticking out of his mouth,—and from a host of circumstantial and other evidence, it is thought more than probable that the "tarnal critter" had the brig Hercules in his belly at the time.

A NEW INVENTION.

According to the Schenectady Gazette, some speculator in "notions" has lately circulated a large quantity of *cast iron cents* in that part of the country. We do not know what the nature of the feelings entertained regarding the inventor may be, but for our part, we think he deserves a general vote of gratitude, since time out of mind, the public opinion has ran altogether in favor of *hard cash*.

A CONVENIENT LOCATION.

A *certain* brother of the goose quill, is wrong in his supposition, that it is the design of the corporation to change the location of the Custom House from Pine street to the Five Points. Though we must admit that such a scheme was at one time in contemplation. In order to do away with the impression generally excited by the statement alluded to, we are requested to state, that their "honors" fearing the atmosphere of such a vicinity, might be detrimental to the habits of their clerks, have changed their plan, and it is their unalterable determination to have it forthwith removed to Staten Island.

A FALSE ASSERTION.

It is not true as has been rumored, that Mr. Harrington, the celebrated American Ventriloquist, at Peale's museum, has a wood sawyer and a smiths anvil at work in his stomach. To be sure we ourselves labored under that impression at first, but having spoken very seriously to a gentleman on the subject, we are credibly informed it is no such thing,—but that Mr Harrington performed all his wonderful imitations by the sole powers of his own unrivalled voice. However, we ask for no reliance on our statement, but trust that every person who reads it, man, woman and child, will avail themselves of the opportunity now presented, and go and judge for themselves.

A PUBLIC ROBBERY.

Heavens help all the young ladies in Boston, for if fame speaks true, Miss Fanny Kemble has run away with all the single gentlemen's hearts from that city to New York.

CONUNDRUM.

Why is an onion like sorrowful news?
Because it brings tears to the eyes.

THE MISERIES OF HEARING.

It is stated that in the town of Ormokirk, in the north of England there are three women, to one man. What a pleasure it must be to be deaf in that part of the country.

THE WEATHER.

What an eternal topic for conversation the weather is, and how often, unintentionally, do we call it wrong names, in order to give the finish to a salam, or to fill up the gaps in a leaden tete a tete. The other day during a shower, the following colloquy came within the range of our own auditors.

"Morrow Bob, what news in your end of the city?"

"None Jack:—any thing strange down here."

"Not much, but what charming weather this is."—"Very *charming* indeed, only it *rains* so confoundedly."

MORE GRIST TO THE MILL.

The corporation of the city of New York, is not half so stubborn as people are inclined to imagine, and as we have a great opinion of their wisdom and judgment, we suppose there must be something philosophical in their principle of never sending round their water carts to lay the *dust*; barring on *wet* days.

CONUNDRUM.

Why is the gap you cut in your chin last Sunday like the devil?

Because it's an "*old nick*."

For the Traveller & Times.

A CATALOGUE OF RARITIES.

A great genius, not a great drunkard.

A lady with handsome teeth, fond of keeping her lips close!

An old maid, fond of children.

A genuine sportsman with a cold heart.

A little man wearing low heeled boots.

A quaker with a blue coat.

A miller with a black one.

A poet having a long purse.

A woman with a well turned ancle wearing long petticoats.

A fat butcher without a red nose.

A tiresome friend without a long story.

A genuine wag not a genuine fool.

A man of mean talents, not eternally boasting of them.

A discontented man with a good argument.

A day in New York without a house being burned.

A quack doctor without a sour countenance.

A hunch-backed man not as testy as the devil.

A fiddler with a steady elbow.

A cobler with a pair of good shoes.

A Scotchman without a snuff box.

A scrivener with a clean shirt.

And an Editor's office without a lounger.

Moral effects of the Stage.—It is remarkable how virtuous and generously disposed every one is at a play. We uniformly applaud what is right, and condemn what is wrong, when it costs nothing but the sentiment.—*Hazlitt.*

BILLY MACDANIEL AND THE FAIRY.

AN IRISH LEGEND.

Billy MacDaniel was once as likely a young man as ever shook his brogue at a patron, emptied a quart, or handled a shillelah; fearing for nothing but the want of drink; caring for nothing but who should pay for it: and thinking of nothing, but how to make fun over it; drunk or sober, a word and a blow was ever the way with Billy MacDaniel; and a mighty easy way it is of either getting into or of ending a dispute. More is the pity that, through the means of his thinking, and fearing, and caring for nothing, this same Billy MacDaniel fell into bad company; for surely the *good people* are the worst of all company any one could come across.

It so happened, that Billy was going home one clear frosty night not long after Christmas; the moon was round and bright; but although it was as fine a night as heart could wish for, he felt pinched with cold. "By my word," chattered Billy, "a drop of good liquor would be no bad thing to keep a man's soul from freezing in him; and I wish I had a full measure of the best."

"Never wish it twice, Billy," said a little man in a three-cornered hat, bound all about with gold lace, and with great silver buckles in his shoes, so big that it was a wonder how he could carry them; and he held out a glass as big as himself, filled with as good liquor as ever eye looked on or lip tasted.

"Success, my little fellow," said Billy MacDaniel, nothing daunted, though well he knew the little man to belong to the *good people*; "here's your health, any way, and thank you kindly; no matter who pays for the drink;" and he took the glass and drained it to the very bottom, without ever taking a second breath to it.

"Success," said the little man; "and you're heartily welcome, Billy; but don't think to cheat me as you have done others—out with your purse and pay me like a gentleman."

"Is it I pay you?" said Billy; "could I not just take you up and put you in my pocket as easily as a blackberry?"

"Billy MacDaniel," said the little man, getting very angry, "you shall be my servant for seven years and a day, and that is the way I will be paid—so make ready to follow me."

When Billy heard this, he began to be very sorry for having used such bold words towards the little man; and he felt himself, yet he could not tell how, obliged to follow the little man the livelong night about the country, up and down, and over hedge and ditch, and through bog and brake without any rest.

When morning began to dawn, the little man turned round to him, and said, "You may now go home, Billy, but on your peril don't fail to meet me in the Fort-field to night; or if you do, it may be worse for you in the long run. If I find you a good servant, you will find me an indulgent master."

Home went Billy MacDaniel; and though he was tired and weary enough, never a wink of sleep could he get for thinking of the little man; but he was afraid not to do his bidding, so up he got in the evening, and away he went to the Fort-field. He was not long there before the little man came towards him and said, "Billy, I want to go a long journey to-night; so saddle one of my horses, and you may saddle another for yourself, as you are to go along with me, and may be tired after your walk last night."

Billy thought this very considerate of his master, and thanked him accordingly: "But," said he, "if I may be so bold, sir, I would ask which is the way to your stable, for never a thing do I see but the Fort here, and the old thorn tree in the corner of the field, and the stream running at the bottom of the hill, with the pit of bog over against us."

"Ask no questions, Billy," said the little man, "but go over to that bit of bog, and bring me two of the strongest rushes you can find."

Billy did accordingly, wondering what the little man would be at; and he picked out two of the stoutest rushes he could find, with a little bunch of brown blossom stuck at the side of each, and brought them back to his master.

"Get up Billy," said the little man, taking one of the rushes from him and striding across it.

"Where shall I get up, please your honor!" said Billy.

"Why, upon horseback, like me, to be sure," said the little man.

"Is it after making a fool of me you'd be," said Billy, "bidding me get a-horseback upon that bit of a rush! May be you want to persuade me that the rush I pulled but a little while ago out of the bog there, is a horse!"

"Up! up! and no words," said the little man, looking very angry; "the best horse you ever rode was but a fool to it." So Billy, thinking all this was in joke, and fearing to vex his master, straddled across the rush: "Borram! Borram! Borram!" cried the little man three times, (which, in English, means to become great,) and Billy did the same after him: presently the rushes swelled up into fine horses, and away they went full speed; but Billy, who had put the rush between his legs, without much minding how he did it, found himself sitting on horseback the wrong way, which was rather awkward, with his face to the horse's tail; and so quickly had his steed started off with him, that he had no power to turn round, and there was therefore nothing for it but to hold on by the tail.

At last they came to their journey's end, and stopped at the gate of a fine house: "Now Billy," said the little man, "do as you see me do, and follow me close; but as you did not know your horse's head from his tail, mind that your own head does not spin round until you can't tell whether you are standing on it or on your heels: for remember that old liquor, though able to make a cat speak, can make a man dumb."

The little man then said some queer kind of words, out of which Billy could made no meaning—but he contrived to say them after him for all that: and they both went through the key hole of the door, and through one key hole after another, until they got into the wine cellar, which was well stored with all kinds of wine.

The little man fell to drinking as hard as he could, and Billy, nowise disliking the example, did the same. "The best of masters are you surely," said Billy to him; "no matter who is the next; and well pleased will I be with your service if you continue to give me plenty to drink."

"I have made no bargain with you," said the little man, "and will make none; but up and follow me." Away they went, through key hole after key hole; and each mounting upon the rush which he left at the hall door, scampered off, kicking the clouds before them like snow balls, as soon as the words, "Borram, Borram, Borram," had passed their lips.

When they came back to the Fort-field, the little man dismissed Billy, bidding him to be there the next night at the same hour. Thus did they go on, night after night, shaping their course one night here, and another night there—sometimes north, and sometimes east, and sometimes south, until there was not a gentleman's wine cellar in all Ireland they had not visited, and could tell the flavor of every wine in it as well—aye, better—than the butler himself.

Once night when Billy MacDaniel met the little man as usual in the Fort-field, and was going to the bog to fetch the horses for their journey, his master said to him, "Billy, I shall want another horse to night, for may be we may bring back more company with us than we take." So Billy, who now knew better than to question any order given to him by his master, brought a third rush, much wondering who it might be that would travel back in their company, and whether he was about to have a fellow-servant.

Well, away they went, Billy leading the third horse, and never stopped until they came to a snug farmer's house in the county of Limerick, close under the old castle of Carrigogunniel, that was built they say, by the great Brian Boru. Within the house there was great carousing going forward, and the little man stopped outside for some time to listen; then turning round of a sudden, said, "Billy, I will be a thousand years old to-morrow."

"God bless us! sir," said Billy, "will you?"

"Don't say these words again, Billy," said the little man, "or you will be my run for ever. Now, Billy, as I will be a thousand years in the world to-morrow, I think it is full time for me to get married."

"I think so too, without any kind of doubt at all," said Billy, "if ever you mean to marry."

"And to that purpose," said the little man, "have I come all the way to Carrigogunniel; for in this house, this very night, is young Darby Riley going to be married to Bridget Rooney; and as she is a tall and comely girl, and has come of decent people, I think of marrying her myself, and taking her off with me."

"And what will Darby Riley say to that!" said Billy.

"Silence!" said the little man, putting on a mighty severe look: "I did not bring you here with me to ask questions."

In they both went: and for the better viewing the company, the little man perched himself up as nimbly as a cock-sparrow upon one of the big beams which went across the house over all their heads, and Billy did the same on another facing him. There they were, both master and man, looking down on the fun that was going forward, and under them were the priest and the piper, and the father of Darby Riley, with Darby's two brothers and his uncle's son—and there were both the father and the mother of Bridget Rooney, and proud enough the old couple were that night of their daughter, as good right they had—and her four sisters with bran new ribbons in their caps, and her three brothers all looking as clear and as clever as any three boys in Munster—and there were uncles and aunts, and gossips and cousins enough besides to make a full house of it—and plenty was there to eat and drink on the table for every one of them, if they had been double the number.

Now it happened, just as Mrs. Rooney had helped, by reverence with the first cut of the pig's head which was placed before her, beautifully smothered in onions, that Bridget sneezed.

Every person, at her end of the table, heard her, but though they all knew that silence was a great sin on such an occasion, not one of them had the decency to say "God bless us." Perhaps, indeed, they thought it was none of their business while the priest was in the house, for they also knew it was a crime of nearly equal calibre, to take the word of God out of the "clargy's mauth."

"Now," says the little fellow on the rafter, cutting a caper, and tipping the wink to Billy, "I have her from the head to the arm-pit, and if she sneezes twice more, she'll be mine, body and soul entirely, for ever and a day."

"More's the pity" thought Billy, but he said nothing.

By this time the Holy Father had finished his pork, and hung quite bewildered in felicity, contemplating the beautiful proportions of a delicious stuffed partridge. The rest of the company were also equally busy, the married people eating and drinking, and the boys and girls, blushing and giggling, and throwing *sheeps-eyes at each other*. At this ominous moment, Bridget sneezed, but so softly, that no body heard her, barring the priest, but the nicest bit in the whole partridge was at that instant undergoing the interesting process of mastication and stood, cheek by jowl, betwixt her and his pious benediction.

Here the little codger on the beam, gave a somerset, and whispered to Billy that she was his, safe and sound, down to her ancles.

Bloodamages, thought Billy, but its a shame entirely for a fine young girl like Biddy Rooney to be married to such an ugly cross-grained fut of a man and he a thousand years auld barring a day.

Just as he had got so far in his soliloquy, Miss Roony sneezed for the third and last time, and for the third and last time, nobody was taking notice of it, saving he of the three corner hat on the rafter, who with a chuckle was just preparing to take her home in the bull rush, when Billy shouted out at the pitch of his voice, "God bless us all, though I died by it."

"Mercy on us, who can that be," shouted the whole company in a breath, but before they had time to say another word, the little fellow jumping over to Billy's rafter in a terrible rage, seized him by the collar of the coat.

"'Tis forever I discharge you from my service, Billy MacDaniel," says he, "and in lieu of the balance of your wages, take that." So saying, he kicked him with all his might in the rear, and vanished up the chimney in a flash of lightning, while, in the mean time, Billy found himself sprawling on all fours in the middle of the supper table. The mystery was soon explained—the priest began to rate the parishioners for their negligence, excusing himself, by saying he was a little bothered, and the whole business was soon drowned in a madher of "Patcheen, and to finish the matter decently, Billy MacDaniel stole away the heart of Mrs. Rooney's youngest daughter Mary, and got as warm, and as comfortable as could be, drinking success to the bride, and all sorts of misfortune to drunken fairies.

SINGULAR FACT.

Casper Hauser.—We have seen in various newspapers, an account of a work under this title, translated from the German. It contains one of the most singular facts recorded in the annals of the world.

It is the history of a young man (17 years old) who was found in the streets of Nuremburg, in the year 1831, unable to speak or by any other means make it understood who he was or whence he came. He was taken to the house of a charitable gentleman, by whom he was taught to speak, and in progress of time, to read and write also. The account he gives of himself is, that he had been confined from infancy in a dungeon—that he had been kept from the view of every object whatever, —that he had been attended by one man whom in the darkness of his dungeon he had never seen and that he had always been utterly ignorant of the existence of any human being save himself and his keeper, until he was turned loose in the streets as above mentioned. His persecutor doubtless imagined that the course which he had adopted had silenced him forever, but surce he has learned to speak an attempt has been made to assassinate him, which is like to lead eventually to a discovery of those who perpetrated this enormous crime; a crime so much more infernal than murder, that the one is a sin against the body merely, whereas the other is an attempt to annihilate the immortal soul.—*Richmond Whig.*

There are at present in Blackburn 1738 families, consisting of 9779 persons, whose incomes have been ascertained to amount to £-828 19s. 7d. per week. This, after deducting rent and taxes, will leave £655 3s. 7d. on an average, for food, clothing, fire, &c. is 1s. 4 1-4d. per head per week.

There are navels in the Danube, nor in any of its tributary streams. The rivers of Siberia, though large and numerous, are destitute of them.—*White's Natural History of Selborne.*

Bits of Fun.

"It's good to be merry and wise."

Attractive Insignia.—A charcoal *merchant* yesterday added to the attractions of his vehicle and its ardent contents, a beautiful figure head of a rattlesnake, nearly five feet in length, provided with some half a dozen of rattles, intimating that the weaver was no chicken. The charcoal man had been aware of the while than the serpent on the previous day, and while his snake-ship was enjoying the warmth of a May's sun, he of the sooty skin slipt a split stick over his body, and held up the emblem of independence "a fixed figure" for a coal cart. "To what vile uses may we come."—*Phil. Gaz.*

ENGLISH.

My wife is laid beneath this stone,
For her repose and for mine own!
Literary Gaz.

A shopkeeper in Doncaster has for some time past, for his virtues, obtained the name of the little *vessel*. A friend asked him the other day, why such an appellation had been given him? "To distinguish me from the rest of my trade (said he) who are all *great rascals*."

Addison tells us of a quack who marched solemnly through the streets with a boy before him, proclaiming, "My father cures all manner of diseases;" after a pause the quack gravely cried out, "The boy speaks the truth."

The following story I received from my "Daddy" several years ago. I presume it has never been published, as I never heard it related out of the family. It is too good to be lost.

A man sent a lazy boy into the swamp one morning to split rails. After lounging in idleness all day, he returned home, when the following dialogue ensued: "Well Sam," said the old gentleman, "how many rails have you split to-day?" "I-do-no-zackly," said Sam, "but I guess as how if I'd split *three more* besides the *two* I worked on, I should have had *five*!"

GARRICK AND BARRY.

These two celebrated tragedians contested the prize of merit for the able representation of Lear. It is needless to say that both played in a masterly manner. The superiority of Garrick is neatly expressed in the following lines:—

The town has found out different ways
To praise its different Lears:
To Barry it gives loud huzzas,
To Garrick only tears.

Again in a still more forcible and laconic manner.

A king? Aye every inch a king—
Such Barry doth appear:
But Garrick's quite another thing:
He's every inch King Lear.

The *changeable* silk of which the robes of office are sometimes comprised, reminds us of an anecdote not wholly inappropriate, perhaps, to the election referred to. A year or two since as the stage coach was passing through one of our villages, a little flaxen-headed urchin followed by the side of it, bare-headed, raising hat to receive a douceur.—One of the passengers asked him, "Are you for Clay or Jackson?" "A little of both, he replied briskly, "with a touch of the Anti-Mason."—[*New York Commercial.*

SIGN OVER A COBLER'S STALL IN ENGLAND.

"Blow, O blow ye heavenly breezes,
All among the leaves and treeses,
Sing, O sing, ye heavenly nuzes,
And I will mend your boots and shoozes."

Poetry.—A North Carolina poet apologizes for using the word *musketoes*: but says it was necessary, as he wanted something to rhyme with *treezes*.

Anecdote of Montesquieu.—A lady disagreeably talkative, happening to be one day in company with Montesquieu, tired him with a thousand ridiculous questions, till at length losing all patience with her, on her asking what happiness was, replied, "happiness madame, is fruitfulness to queens, sterility to unmarried woman, and deafness to those who are near you!"

Lord Norbury in passing sentence on a thief who had been convicted of stealing a time-piece in a dwelling house, said, "that in grasping at *time* he had reached *eternity*.

The Force of Habit.—It is said of a Bath physician, that he could not prescribe even for himself without a fee, and therefore, when unwell, he took a guinea out of one pocket, and put it into the other.

OLD LADIES IN DEMAND.

Married at the Rip-Raps, Missouri, Miss Deborah Cockspur, aged 86, to Mr. Pulaski Sumter, aged 22.

If love's a flame, and kindled by desire,
Sure an old stick's best, for it is drier.

A Breakfast.—A farmer's servant's having a cheese set before him to take his breakfast and sitting a long time over it, his master asked him when he intended to have done: "Sir," said he, "a cheese of this size is not so soon eaten as you think."

As two merchants were conversing together upon business, a flock of birds passed over their heads, upon which one of the traders exclaimed. "How happy those creatures are! they have no acceptances to pay." "You are mistaken," exclaimed his friend, "they have their *bills* to provide for as well as we."

On the 14th inst. was married at St. Peter's Church, Carmarthen, Mr. Thomas Husband, butcher, to Mrs. Anne Bowen, both of that town.

That wonders never are to cease,
Is verified in *Husband's* case;
The wife a *husband* had anew,
But still she is A. HUSBAND too.
Well may she bear the toils of life,
She is A. HUSBAND—and a wife.

Dog Cheap.—A Jonathan from New Hampshire, called at a barber's shop near the auction store. He would have his hair cut in the *latest manner* and be shaved as sleak as a whistle. Which was soon done. What do you ax? says Jonathan. Nineteen cents, says the barber. I hant but only just three cents, says Jonathan. Do you suppose that I would shave and cut hair for nothing? I guess I cant be lip it, I hant got nothing but three cents. The barber concluded that a penny saved was better than nothing, so took Jonathan's three cents—led him to the door, gave him a kick which sent him sprawling into the street. Jonathan gathered himself up and said to those standing by—"What barbers you have got! I was shaved, had my hair cut and kicked out of the shop all for three cents, aint that dog cheap by guss!

The King of Prussia has lately made an important concession to his subjects. He has given permission to public functionaries of a very advanced age to appear at Court in pantaloons instead of state breeches!

THE ELEPHANT.

How instinct varies in the grov'lling swine;
Compar'd half reasoning elephant, with thine!
'Twixt that, and reason, what a barrier!
For ever separate, yet for ever near!
POPE.

The largest elephants are from ten to eleven feet in height; some are said to exceed it; but the average is eight or nine feet. They are fifty or sixty years before they arrive at their full growth; and their natural life is about one hundred and twenty years. Their price increases with their merit during a course of education. Some, for their extraordinary qualities, become in a manner invaluable; when these are purchased no compensation induces a wealthy owner to part with them. The skin of the elephant is generally a dark gray, sometimes almost black; the face frequently painted with a variety of colors; and the abundance and splendor of his trappings add much to his consequence.—In India, the Mogul Princes allow five men and a boy to take care of each elephant; the chief of them, called the mahawut, rides upon his neck to guide him; another sits upon his rump, and assists in battle; the rest supply him with food and water, and perform the necessary services. Elephants bred to war, and well disciplined, will stand firm against a volley of musketry, and never give way unless severely wounded. One of these animals has been seen with upwards of thirty bullets in the fleshy parts of his body, perfectly recovered from his wounds. All are not equally docile, and when an enraged elephant retreats from battle, nothing can withstand his fury: the driver having no longer a command, friends and foes are involved in undistinguished ruin.

The elephants in the army of Antiochus were provoked to fight by showing them the blood of grapes and mulberries. The history of the Maccabees informs us, that "to every elephant they appointed a thousand men, armed with coats of mail, and five hundred horseman of the best; these were ready at every occasion; wherever the beast was, and whithersoever he went, they went also; and upon the elephants were strong towers of wood, filled with armed men, besides the Indian that ruled them."

Elephants in peace and war know their duty, and are more obedient to the word of command than many rational beings. It is said they can travel, on an emergency, two hundred miles in forty-eight hours; but will hold out for a month, at the rate of forty or fifty miles a day, with cheerfulness and alacrity. "I performed," observes Forbes in his Oriental Memoirs, "many long journeys upon an elephant: nothing could exceed the sagacity, docility, and affection of this noble quadruped. If I stopped to enjoy a prospect, he remained immoveable until my sketch was finished; if I wished for ripe mangoes growing out of the common reach, he selected the most fruitful branch, and breaking it off with his trunk, offered it to the driver for the company in the houdah, accepting of any part given to himself with a respectful salam, by raising his trunk three times above his head, in the manner of the oriental obeisance, and as often did he express his thanks by a murmuring noise. When a bough obstructed the houdah, he twisted his trunk around it, and, though of considerable magnitude, broke it off with ease, and often gathered a leafy branch, either to keep off the flies, or as a fan to agitate the air around him, by waving it with his trunk; he generally paid a visit at the tent-door during breakfast, to procure sugar-candy or fruit, and be cheered by the encomiums and caresses he deservedly met with: no spaniel could be more innocently playful, nor fonder of those who noticed him, than this docile animal, which, on particular occasions, appeared conscious of his exaltation above the brute creation."

However surprising may be the docility of this noble animal, when tamed, its sagacity, in a savage state even, is a subject of still greater wonder, as is evidenced by the following narrative extracted from Lichtenstein's travels in South Africa. Two individuals, named Muller and Prince, being engaged in the Caffre territory, where these animals abound, in an elephant hunt, discovered the footsteps of a very large elephant, and soon espied the animal himself on the declivity of a naked and widely outstretched hill. It is a rule when an elephant is thus found, to endeavor to get above him on the hill, to the end that, in case of necessity, the hunter may flee to the summit, whither the animal, on account of the unwieldiness of its body, cannot follow him fast. This precaution was neglected by Prince, who shot too soon, while they were yet at too great a distance, and the elephant on higher ground than himself and his companion. The wounded animal rushed down towards them, while they endeavored to push their horses on, and gain the brow of the hill. Being able, on favourable ground, to run as fast as a horse, he soon came up with them, and struck with his tusk at Muller's thigh, he being the nearest of the two fugitives. Muller now considered his fate as inevitable, as he endeavored in vain to set his almost exhausted horse into a gallop, and saw the animal, after giving a violent snort, raise his powerful trunk above his head. It was not, however, on himself, but on his companion that the stroke fell; and in an instant he saw him snatched from his horse, and thrown up into the air. Scarcely in his senses, he continued his flight, and only in some degree recovered himself by finding Prince's horse running by his side without a rider; then looking back he saw his unfortunate friend on the ground, and the elephant stamping upon him with the utmost fury. He was now convinced, not without the greatest astonishment, that the sagacious animal had distinguished which of the two it was wounded him, and wreaked his whole vengence upon him alone. Muller, on this, went in search of the rest of the party, that they might collect the mangled remains of their companion, and bury them—but they were soon put to flight by the elephant rushing again from a neighboring thicket, to vent his wrath once more upon the corpse, already so dreadfully mangled. While he was busied in doing this, however, he was attacked by the dispersed hunters, and sacrificed to the manes of his unfortunate victim.

Not "Monsieur Tonson," but a Lobster "come again."—Six years ago, a lobster car, belonging to Mr. William Coolidge, containing about 1100 lobsters, in this harbor was wrecked, and the sprangled legged gentry paddled off to sea. Yesterday Mr. Coolidge had a lot of fresh boiled lobsters brought in for sale at his stand at the Mariners' Church, among which he came across one of the runaway prisoners that he lost six years since. He recognised him by the pegs driven into the claws to prevent their opening so as to injure each

NEW-YORK TRAVELLER, SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

New-York
TRAVELLER, TIMES & JOURNAL.

"Laugh at the jests, or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food—
And learn the luxury of doing good."

SATURDAY EVENING, May 25, 1833.

BALTIMORE RACES, CENTRAL COURSE.

BALTIMORE, Wednesday, May 15.

Second Day—"THE CRAIG CUP."

This city and its neighborhood have been exposed to a heavenly "shower bath" all last night and the entire of this day, so that the track is a complete puddle, of *course*. But as sportsmen are always in a racy humor, many hundreds risked their *Necks* just to see "*The Craig*." Every one seemed in high spirits notwithstanding the fall of waters, and showed their *stable* mirth by their *horse laughs* amidst the fun and *gig* of stray wheelers, that had run all the way from the poles, and broken down hacks that were no longer wheelers. Sorry sorrels that would pay forfeit to snails having barely four feet to run on. And Nags in full rack, whose bones told of empty mangers,—made the whole road look like New York on May day—quite a *moving* Panorama!

First Race.

Sweepstakes for Colts and Fillies,—mile heats.—Entrance $100, h. f. 5 subs—3 forfeits.

Chas. S. W. Dorsey's ch. f. Ann Page,	83 lbs.
Jno. Ridgeley's b. f. ———	83 lbs.

The track was so exceedingly wet, that in the first quarter, the bay mare fell,—and though her rider and she were both unhurt, was of course distanced.

Second Race—THE SPLENDID CRAIG CUP.—value $500. 2 mile heats.

T. R. S. Boyce's b. h. "Monsoon," 4 years, 110lb.		1
Jacob Fouke's ch. c. "Tyrant," 4 years,	100lb.	2
Col. W. R. Johnson's ch. m. "Annette," 6 do 115lb.		3
James M. Seldon's b. h. "Duke of Orleans," [5 years,	110lb.	4
John M. Bott's ch. h. "Rapid," 5 years,	110lb.	5

1*st heat.*—The Course was so exceedingly wet that the horses slipt about like lumps of ice on a chafing-dish. Some bad management was evinced in starting the horses,—the voice of one of the trainers being much louder in his directions than that of the Judges:—several false starts were thus created and the "Duke" ran the first quarter, before his rider could pull him up. When the start was obtained, Monsoon took the lead, closely pressed by the Duke,—But in the second round, Tyrant made play—"pushed the Duke" and passed him, and keeping close to the skirts of Monsoon, very gallantly contested the heat with him, which the latter won in very good style. Time 4 37

"Annette" was the favorite before starting and was taken at even against the field,—but she could not run in the mud.

2*d heat.*—After several false starts the Judges gave the word to "go,"—but some confusion arising from the before named cause, the horses were recalled by hoisting the red flag. Annette, Tyrant and Monsoon pulled up and returned,—but the Duke and Rapid, who had accomplished their first quarter, after a brief pause determined on continuing the race and accordingly started from where they had stopped and completed the two miles, Rapid first, and the Duke second. Much dispute arose whether this heat was properly run,—some contending that the three who returned were distanced,—and others that the two had no right to run the heat then, as the Judges had recalled them by the agreed signal. The Judges determined in favor of the three, who were accordingly brought up to a fresh start, the Duke and Rapid drawn. Annette took the lead,—followed by Monsoon and closely attended by Tyrant. In the first mile the mare showed great fatigue, and on being challenged, was obliged to surrender to the Tyrant who, though closely pressed by Monsoon, won the heat in 4 min. 52 sec. Annette being distanced.

3*d heat.*—The two horses got off in beautiful order,—Monsoon on taking the lead tried the outside of the track in the vain hope of getting a firmer footing:—on the back stretch, Tyrant tried to pass, but was still headed by Monsoon. In the brush on the last quarter both horses nearly came to the ground,—and though closely pressed by Tyrant, Monsoon won the heat in 4 37 1-2. Owing to the state of the course the running was not good, but the circumstances of the 2d heat rendered it a most interesting Race,—and loud cheers welcomed Monsoon as he passed the Judges' stand.

Mr. T. R. S. Boyce is thus the winner of this splendid Cup, and we feel satisfied that he will not think the blowing of the Monsoon is an ill wind to him.

BALTIMORE, Friday, 17th May.

Third Day.

Jockey Club Purse $1000—*four mile heats.*

Jas. M. Selden's b. h. Sydney, by Sir Charles	4 1
Col. W. R. Johnson's ch. h. Goliah, by Eclipse	1 dis.
T. R. S. Boyce's b. h. Monsoon, by Ratler,	3 drawn
Jno. M. Bott's ch. h. Rapid, by Ratler,	2 dis.
Geo. Cooke's b. m. Nancy Marlborough, by Rob Roy.	dis.

1*st heat.*—At starting, two to one were freely offered on Goliah. Rapid made all the running from the jump, and kept the lead till within the mile distance, when Goliah under whip and spur, passed him, winning by half a length. Monsoon came in third, but was then drawn,—indeed it was high time, having run and won a match on Monday,—the Craig Cup on Wednesday, besides this 4 mile heat. Time 9 2.

2*d heat.*—While rubbing off, it was very evident that the bay horse, Sydney, though keeping back during the first heat, was now in the best condition of the three that had to run,—though the betting was more than ever in favor of Goliah. Sydney took the lead, and speedily made so wide a gap between him and his two followers that the chance of Goliah or Rapid became evidently hopeless and he won the second heat in 9 minutes, distancing the field. This was an unlooked for event, but proved that Sir Charles' colts have the heels.

The weather was much better over head, but the course was still in very sad condition.

Fourth Day

SATURDAY, 18th May.—Proprietor's Purse $500. 3 mile heats.

Jas. M. Selden's b. h. Sir Whitefoot, by John Hancock, 4 years,	4	2
Capt. L. G. Taylor's ch. m. Patty Snaggs, by Jno. Richards, 5 years.	3	dis.
Mr. Brightwell's gr. m. Helen, 5 years,	2	3
John M. Botts' b. h. Rolla, by Gohanna, 4 years,	1	1

1*st heat.*—"Patty Snaggs" started closely followed by Helen, while Rolla and Whitefoot very gallantly gave way to the females and followed them at a respectful distance, but in the 3d round, finding the lead fatigued them, Rolla with the greatest ease and politeness passed into the front and took all the trouble off their legs, leaving Sir Whitefoot to attend them in the rear. Time 6 38

2*d heat.*—Whitefoot took the lead and kept it during the first 2 miles,—but on the back stretch of the 3d round Rolla let out some of his speed, and though he had full 40 yards to make up, won the heat in a gallant style in 6 min. 17 sec. Helen coming in third, and Patty Snaggs being distanced. This was the last day's races, and considered as matter of sport, the meeting altogether was very poor. The weather rendered the course exceedingly heavy, so that time in all cases was very bad. All the favorites, with the exception of Rolla and Medoc, were beaten easily by outside horses, and those whose running was looked forward to as the greatest means of sports were *taken away before they came.*

Centreville Trotting Course, Long Island.—The purse of $200, three miles and repeat, was contended for by

	1st heat.	2d.
Screw Driver, - -	1	1
McDuff, - - -	2	2
Cato, - - - -	3	dist'd.

The first heat 8 m. 8 sec., the second heat 8 m. 21 sec.

Dr. Ware, of Philadelphia, the successful author of Dion, has completed a new tragedy, entitled the Fair Israelite or the Jews Revenge, which is to be produced at the Bowery, Mr. Hamblin and Miss Vincent sustaining the leading character.

CITY CHARACTERS.

UNDER THE ROSE.

Hail land of cakes and brither Scots,
Fra Maiden Kirk, to John O' Groats,
If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede ye tent it,
A chiel's among you taking notes,
An faith he'll print it.

"Do you know that ill fashioned sprig of humanity coming down by the church yonder?"

"What! he with the low crowned castor, brown frock, green silk umberella, and hop, and go one shuffle—No."

"Then you have a right to be thankful for he levies black mail on all his acquaintances."

"Why! has he no regular way of support?"

"Ayō and of sipping Port too, Jack, for he gets regularly drunk every day—but tush, here he comes you shall soon have a spice of his character."—Good morning B——.

"O good morning my dear boy, so happy to see you, you cant think—but how goes time?"

"Half past two."

"Bless me who'd have thought it—you and your friend (excuse my freedom sir) must go with me—I have a dinner for three, waiting at Wyndhursts."

"Well, so be it—but mind B—— no chaff—you stand the racket you know."

"Only listen to that, why M— could you suspect me of harboring a low idea."

"Aye! at times; for instance, when you are thinking in a kitchen."

"Ha! ha! ha! how brilliant; but come along, here waiter the Champaigne, lobster and sallad. Now my boy eat as if you had a pack of wolves in your stomach—how delicious; eh? very partial, to a light lunch 'twixt breakfast and dinner, what's this Byron says, oh'—

——"I'm 'fond of crickets and all that,
A lobster, sallad and Champaigne, and chat."

—do gentlemen, eat as if you had not a brace of furze bushes stuck in your gastric passages—but how is this—the devil—Why M. as I hope to be married, every doit I had in the world is behind on the mantle piece—never mind you have change you know—and if not, your head's above water here any how—Ha! half past three—only five minutes to go to Wall street—gents, you must dine with me again to morrow—adieu.

"Stuck, for a ducket, stuck!"

"What a presumptuous scoundrel."

"Pooh," its nothing but what I expected—I'll tell you an anecdote of him Jack that you may rely on. A country cousin of his came to town some time since, a great swell—plenty of money, but devilish shy of it. Our friend B—— was high and dry at the time, or in plain English, had'nt a feather to fly with, his only suit was as seedy as a superannuated curates—friends cold credit gone, and—but enough. The country cousin had just enshrined himself in a very costly suit of clothes, which took B——'s eye amazingly, and B—— was determined if possible, to take them. "Tom," said he, your clothes don't fit, "How," replied Tom, they feel most charmingly. "Feel, or no feel, they are abominably crumpled in the rear. I'll just slip into them for a minute or two, and you can judge of the fact yourself." Johnny Raw never dreamt of a hoax, and accordingly the next moment B—— was on the right side, that is, on the inside of the "duds,"—then was the interesting moment—Johnny stooped down to put on his slippers and on rising again, lo! and behold you, he discovered that B—— and his toggery had slipped off. They met next day, but what could poor Johnny do, possession was nine points of the law; B—— swore he bought them from him, and gave him his own in part payment, his friends having a *fellow feeling with him*, pretended to believe it, and our poor country cousin was a common laughing stock for a month after.

"Are such geniuses' plentiful in your town?"

"Ay, in faith, thick as grass hoppers in a grave yard, and a merry, mad, good-hearted set of devils they are in the main, only keep them clear of your purse strings. The way your Jeremy Didler manages, is this, all the morning he is employed in either conceiving new, or remodelling a few old jokes: he then sallies forth to illumine the world, a conundrum usually obtains him a breakfast, a dinner generally follows on the strength of a bon mot, and an epigram is considered very fair value for a bottle of wine and a supper of oysters.

* * * * *

"Do yo see that plausible, quakerly-looking personage, with his back towards the fire-place?"

"Yes."

"What would you take him to be?"

"Why, haply a seller of tracts, or a methodist parson, or"

"Enough, for God's sake enough," why man that is the most celebrated black leg in the Union, you will generally find him dressed in that black coat, and white wig, and never without his eye-glass and yellow cane; mark him, and avoid him—don't trust yourself in his company, there is more ruin and fascination in his eye, than in that of a rattle snake. You remember poor D—. Well D—was the happiest fellow breathing, until that dragon took him in training. Three weeks afterwards, poor D——'s brains plastered the walls of his father's stable, let's away, it is more dangerous to be near him, than in the vicinity of the Upas."

* * * * * * *

"How is little T. N. of Chatham street, and as pale as the ghost of a quack doctor; has he been ill lately?"

"No, but he has left off rougeing since Miss B. jilted him, and got married to the mad Attorney."

"He took that business very much to heart, did he not."

"O most wondrously, and attempted suicide for the twelfth time, but as usual the water was too *shallow*, and so *he was drowned only up to his chin*—but look here!"

"Heavens! what a swell, who is he?"

"That's hard to say, his travelling name for the present however is ——, he went by another in Boston."

"Indeed! what does he do for a living?"

"That, which in some countries, would help him to *die*, at the expense of the people; you understand me, to form a tassel for a bank of yarn. To be explicit, it is whispered, that in a far off land, he opened a banking establishment in opposition to government, and sold off his stock at half price."

"Nay, I don't understand you, now."

"Why you oaf, the thing is common enough, I mean that he was a wholesale dealer in counterfeits, and sold one pound notes for ten shillings a piece. However, he has got the rhino now, and so of course it would be very unmannerly to inquire too much into his character,—tug at the skirts of an honest poor man as you will, but always show proper deference to a rich rogue. Let us finish our inventory till next week."

The Moral Class Book, or the Law of Morals, derived from the created universe, and from revealed religion, is the title of a book newly received, written by William Sullivan, L. L. D. and published by Carter, Hendee and Co. of Boston. We have looked over this work with much pleasure, and can safely recommend it as a highly useful and instructive publication. It is divided in chapters, and much care and judgement has been displayed in the arrangement. The arguments too in favor of the divine cause it upholds are well adduced, and all in all we think it a book calculated to improve the understanding and make the heart better.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF A NEWS PAPER WRITTEN BY ITSELF.

The following is a just copy of a letter lately received from the ghost of one of our papers; who was barbarously murdered on his way to Bristol, Bucks Co. some weeks ago. We trust all our subscribers that see this (who may have any cause of complaint) will excuse us of negligence for the future, and place the whole blame on the broad shoulders of the post-office department.

Left Nassau street, in the goodly city of Gotham, 12th of April in the present year of our Lord 1833, neatly folded in a strong envelope, and plainly directed for Bristol, Bucks Co. Pennsylvania. Scarcely however had I composed myself for a nap on a counter in the post-office preparatory to my journey, than a whipper snapper of a boy, careless of the individual grief and tribulation my loss might occasion, lifted me with a sacrilegious hand and fired me at the head of a companion in office. By the sound I knew this head to be perfectly empty and therefore was nothing surprised when its proprietor picked me up and hurled me back again. In short, after being bandied about like a shuttle cock until I had'nt a clean rag on my body, by good fortune I tumbled into a promiscuous heap of strangers who were bound for different parts of the country, and thus escaped farther insult, for the present. By and bye, we were truckled together hackledy pickledy into a bag, and in a few hours afterwards, I, who was bound for the south—I who was to have been the pleasure, and delight of a family in Bristol for the ensuing week—found myself travelling at the rate of a hunt due east. To make bad worse, my companions were a set of the most disagreeable, unchristianable dogs in the universe. Not a merry word had one of them to say for themselves, but lay knotted and fighting together like a group of adders. They must be Heathens or Turks thinks I: but it turned out otherwise. It appeared they were a set of self constituted moral makers of society; chocked up with paragraphs that appeared from their flavour to be written with sour vinegar and porcupine quills; and born within a scull, as cracked, black and empty as a superannated coffee pot.

"Alcohol is the forctooth of the devil," says one ignorant blasphemous self conceited animal in the corner.

"Graham Bread and spring water is one of the greatest luxuries in the world," says another.

"Brandy and Rum are the genuine waters of the rivers of hell," cried a third, in a nasal twang something between the sigh of a disappointed lover and the braying of a jack ass.

"All tiplers will go to the devil head foremost" groaned a fourth.

"Amen, so be it," echoed half a dozen.—

How extremely liberal thinks I, but what was to be expected from such a set of stupid hypocrites; but soft, what is that good looking portly gentleman yonder going to say—one tittle of cant, and I'll blab.

"Roast beef and plumb pudding are the right arm of the Cholera Morbus, and Irish whiskey is the mother of all evil."

"Why you lying, libelling, canting son of a — what do you mean. Only think of it dear reader here is a graceless villain stigmatizing the sublimest staff of life that ever made the mouth of a hungry man water and one of the most divine, inspiring, and poetical beverages in the world. As I live by breathing this is one of the foulest aspersions that ever emanated from a watery stomach. But hush! what! why the deuce 'tis written by that eternal toper—a smooth faced, easy going fellow, 'tis true, but nevertheless one that feasts like an alderman, and sleeps three nights in the week under the table.

Pull up there! ho! the coach arrived, what next, glad to be shut off such disagreeable companions any way—"here your bag sir"—good morning, hip, hip. "Here Jim distribute these papers, off with a cover or two till we see what they're made of,—dont touch B's, we cribbaged his last week.—O that stupid trash the ——, up with it again; but what's this, directed for Bristol Bucks Co. Pennsylvania. As I live the T— now for fun—ha ha ha,—there's a touch for the ladies, hand me a scissors Jim, I'll transfer that to my scrap book; now slip it into its envelope again"—"not till I read it father.—Oh what a pretty story, let us keep it till to morrow any how. And accordingly I was laid in the desk for further perusal, but the morrow for dispatching me to my lawful proprietor has never yet arrived nor never will. In short I am maimed and mutilated, my brightest beauties ravished, and; all in all, only the shadow of the thing I was.

Dear Sir, I am Yours with much respect, the

Ghost of a Traveller and Times.

The Post Office regulations in regard to the delivery of papers, is absolutely scandalous. To what particular department the blame should be attached, we are not sufficiently *au fait* to the ins and outs of the affairs to form any idea, but that blame should be attached somewhere is sufficiently evident from the fact, that our papers, are put into the office in due season, carefully wrapped and well directed, and yet scarce a day passes that we do not receive notices from various parts of the country, complaining of the irregularity with which they are received, some of our subscribers get them a week after they are due, others receive about every second number, and more, dont receive them at all. We dare say all this might be remedied, and very simply—it requires no particular stretch of genius to see that a well directed paper, is put in its right bag, and that the bag is then left at its proper office. Neglect, laziness, or worse intention, are the only apologies that can be offered in extenuation of sending packages to Maine, that are directed for Georgia.

We have one comfort any way, though certainly we can't say much in defence of its magnanimity, namely, that all our brother "Rack Brains" are precisely in the same predicament. We do not wish the worthy gentlemen who have the arrangement of these things, to be hung, drawn and quartered, but had we our will, we would certainly either couple them with a horse in a mill, or compel them to collect or cash, all the bills rendered doubtful, through their neglect or stupidity.

We most respectfully salute our friends of the Carolina Watchman, and for his very flattering opinion "of us, and of our comadie," we beg to shake a pen with him, and print our thanks in type of our sincerity. "*Fraught with life; humor, fashion and ton gout*"—would be considered dangerous flattery with those on whom flattery is said to have such power. We rejoice that our friend thinks it "good to be merry and wise" as we would always rather laugh a whole year with the watchman than *cry the hour.*

The "Baltimore Visitor" has taken its own gentlemanly mode of giving an insertion to our advertisement, and we tender him our fitting thanks, and as he has been pleased to publish the fact that we can boast of *a good name* we regret that we have no opportunity to return the compliment; "Au revoir, mon ame"

Mr. C. F. Durant makes an Ascent in his splendid new Balloon on Wednesday afternoon from the Castle Garden. He commences the process of inflation at 3 o'clock, and about half past 4 will launch himself into mid-air, how glorious a sight must our City, and its Waters present to the eye of one who can thus gaze on them as it were from the very clouds.

NEW-YORK RACES.

On Monday the races commence on the Union Course, and from the very high character of the Horses, and the great amount of the Stakes, it is expected to be the most numerous and interesting meeting since the days of Eclipse and Henry. A. L. Botts, the spirited proprietor of the Course, has got together Sweepstakes, Matches and Races that will involve in their issue 25,000 dollars, independent of any Bets, or the great Inside Stake which will make the Jockey Club Purse such an exciting and valuable object. Some of the finest Nags in the country will run for it, and the long disputed superiority of Mary Randolph, or O'Kelly, of Miss Matty or Rolla, of the veteran Col. Johnson's unnamed Horse, or the others that are yet to be entered, will be fully and fairly decided, and some thousands of dollars reward the victor's owner. The Match between Charles Keuble and Capt. Stockton's Colt will be one of the best run Mile heats that has ever taken place on this course, for both are thorough-bred.

The twelve thousand Dollar Stakes will be contested for by those Veteran Patrons of the Turf, Wm. R. Johnson, Walter Livingston, and John D. Amies. The weather bids fair to be most favorable to the sport, and we heartily wish Mr. Botts the success he so richly deserves in this endeavor to make the New York Course what it ought to be,—the first Racing Ground in the United States.—Nothing will now be wanting but the inspiring presence of the lovely and the amiable, and as we know that by the fall races an ample and elegant accommodation will be provided for them we trust we shall soon see the day when the smiles of beauty will reward the Victor far more gratefully than all the dollars in all the purses. We hope to see a full and brilliant assemblage on Monday to give the proprietor a hearty welcome to his new friends in New-York.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why are two school masters like a pair of black eyes?

Because they shine most in their *pupils.*

Why is profligacy like playful wit?

Because its *bad-in-age.*

Why is shaving like throat cutting?

Because its a *barber-ous act.*

THE NEW YORK MIRROR

Of this week is brought out in a style of elegance and beauty, unequalled by any literary work in the United States. It possesses a splendid steel engraving from a picture by Bennett of the Sawkill Falls, which Durand has executed in a very superior style. The Cover which appears in an entirely new form, is a beautiful ornament in itself, and the advertisements that are on it have been steriotyped, in a first rate manner, while a very delighted Ballad called, "Now while the star of love is bright,"—published now for the first time, makes this an exceedingly beautiful and valuable number.

Connor and Cooke have published an improved edition of Lord Kane's Elements of Criticisms, edited by Abraham Mills, A. M. The work in question is generally known and duly appreciated, but it certainly has never previously appeared in so pleasing a form as that at present before us. As a work highly capable of affording pleasure and instruction, we recommend it to the attention of the public.

NATURE, ART AND MAGNIFICENCE.

By these appellations would be distinguished the three prominent resorts of the worthies of our metropolis, and first, Vauxhall Garden, where the horse-chesnut, in native and wild luxuriance, furnishes a grove which may truly be termed academic; such as we can conceive the peripatetic philosophers of old were wont to wander in, and such as the immortal Tully, under their shade, made the scene of his dialectal, De Oratore *Nature* here, predominates, and to those who delight in this budding and blooming season, (who does not?) no resort can be found more replete with attraction. The impression is, with many, that Vauxhall has been shorn of its beauty. It is incorrect—nor is it deprived of its extent for the purpose of promenade. A part of the garden formerly appropriated to fireworks, and rather detractive from its beauty when not so used, has been merged in Lafayette place: and hence, with many, has the idea obtained that it is no longer inviting. We ask all to go and see—let not the proprietor suffer through ignorance or misrepresentation. Each Sunday evening an expensive Orchestra and Choir give a concert of sacred music, worthy of being listened to; and which, withal, must drown the scruples of those who object to Sunday recreation.

Secondly comes Niblo's—*Art* here predominates, and so boundless in her dominion, that it is impossible to offer any thing more than a mere admiration—indeed we cannot even offer that.—The tasteful Walker, who is without peer on this side of the Atlantic, has attempted a rivalry of nature in his *artful* productions—Flora here, in all the richness of this unexampled season, essays, and not vainly, to lure even those who are least sensible to her exhilirating charms. In short Niblo's—is Niblo's, and that, we presume, expresses all.

Thirdly, and *magnificently*, comes Castle Garden, led, though not accompanied, by a *Marsh*. Here art and nature combine to invite the invalid, or the gay Ennui. Here, the southern belle and beau may wander, while their wonted lassitude exudes, and catch the inspiriting breeze; which wafted from the broad Atlantic kisses the promontories, and revels in their vernal fragrance, imparting joy and vigor.

Thus faintly and briefly, have we described our three great resorts. To speak of Hoboken and its Elysian Fields, would be "to paint the lily." To speak of the Thatched Cottage Garden, Jersey city, would be equally unnecessary; but to speak of Brooklyn in its present blooming and flourishing state, would be but to perform an act of justice to those who are ignorant of its inviting promenades, and the trumpet tongue which in the rustling of every leaf, proclaims the onward march of a country without pier or parallel.

For the Traveller & Times.

A POET'S REQUEST.

Claude Sanguin, a French poet, who died at the close of the last century, having had his house consumed by lightning, sent the following ingenuous *placet* to Louis XIV. on the occasion. The monarch at once felt the delicacy of the poet's verses, and the distress of his situation, and cheerfully ordered him the one thousand crowns, which the reader will find, was the object of his demand.

To engage in your matters belongs not to me,
This, Sire, inexcusable freedom would be;
But yet, when reviewing my miseries past,
Of your majesty's income the total I cast.
All counted I've still the remembrance quite clear,
Your revenue's *one hundred millions a year,*
Hence, *one hundred thousand per day* in your power,
Divided, brings *four thousand crowns to each hour,*
To answer the calls of my present distress,
Which *lightning* has caused in my country's recess.
May I be allow'd to request noble Sire,
Of *your* time *fifteen minutes*, before I expire.

TROTTING MATCH

A great trotting match took place yesterday at the Hunting Park Course, near this city. Five horses were entered. It was two miles and repeat. The horses were Sally Miller, Dread, Jerry, Top Gallant and Sweetbriar.

The purse was won by Sally Miller in two heats.—The first heat 5m. 23 sec.—second do. 5m. 20 sec.—*Phil. Gaz.*

CHAPTER ON NOSES,

OR SPURZHEIM REFUTED.

Time out of mind the nose (poetically called the *scenter,*) has been considered a useful, nay, an almost indispensible ornament to the face, more especially if the proprietor of the said face be any way addicted to snuff taking. But for all this a nose, as the song says, should not look like a snout, or even an elephant's trunk, to which some, that we wot of, bear a strong affinity, and in order to prove this to the satisfaction of the world, we have undertaken to write the present chapter.

What we take to be a handsome, justly proportioned nose, should come down in a slant from the forehead, to the length of from two to three inches, but on no account to exceed three and an half, and terminate tolerably broad and high, so as to leave the nostrils as distinct and palpable, as the arches of a bridge. The surface should never be the ground work of more than two bumps, or rather undulating swells, for it is perfectly unnecessary to the formation of a well organized nose, to have it shaped like a shelf of rocks, or the back of a camel.

Noses may be placed in three distinct classes.—In the first place, your periwinkle nose, which comprehends all that are shaped like a crab apple, and stuck in the middle of the face, having no apparent connexion with any other section of the countenance. These are generally to be found among revenue officers, land waiters, tithe proctors, and police men, and have sometimes even been known to ornament the physiognomy of a parson.

The next is your teapot nose. This takes in all such as are known by the familiar name of bottle noses, taper noses, and Belzebub cranks. The shapes are as various as the dots of a Leopard, but they are generally Dutch built, independent looking articles, round and red at the top, and coming down to a rugged base, so broad, that it appears to compromise the whole countenance.

This class is generally confined to Colonels, Commodores, Bishops, Butchers, Hosts and Aldermen.

The third class is your nondescript nose, under which we may place, all such as have a top and bottom, but no middle, and all those that appear like ripe cherries, hanging from the forehead by a bit of red tape,—this genus belongs especially to drunken sailors.

The fourth is your Ethiopian or pancake nose.—This class is so generally known, that it requires no explanation.

No. 5, is your parrot or drooping nose. This genus is in much demand with the ladies from a supposition that the proprietors of them are of royal descent: however we can assure them this is all a hoax, for it has been proved on very respectable authority, that the first King had a nose belonging to the genus of the "teapot."

No. 6, is your "razor nose." We include under this head your cobbler's awl, your sword fish, and your kites claw noses. Indeed the whole of this class bear a strong resemblance to some one of the foregoing articles, and are usually more like the shadow of noses than noses in reality. They are generally in the possession of Editors, Quacks, Lawyers, Curates, Musicians, and in short all those who are in the habit of drawing on their wits for a living.

No. 7, and last, is your natural or common place nose: however, it sometimes deservedly loses this appellation, for it would be extremely wrong, to call any nose, a natural nose, that traverses six inches off a gentleman's countenance. Such instances are termed ram-rod noses, but are placed in the seventh class. The common place nose is confined to no order of society.

Spurzheim has been altogether wrong in affirming that the bumps of discrimination lie in the top or back of the cranium; the truth is the nose is the great seat of intellect.—no,—we beg pardon, we mean it is the great window by which you can see into the seat of intellect, and judge of its nature accordingly.

To assist all such as choose to make this peculiarity of the "scenter" their study we will give some general elucidations, and so close our chapter.

The crab apple nose is the certain outward and visible sign of a sour disposition.

The "teapot" nose usually marks the open heart, and likewise that its possessor is rather given to brandy punch, roast beef and plumb pudding.

Your nondescript nose, is the evidence of an up and down sort of temperament, that's neither one thing or the other for five minutes together, but alternate shine or storm like the fag end of an April day.

The Pancake or Ethiopian is the indubitable manifestation of a mind as flat as itself.

The parrot or drooping nose, bespeaks a spice of sentimentality, dancing masters generally wear drooping noses.

Your razor nose at once leads you into all the secrets of the brain, that's behind it, which, in nearly every case, consists of such a congregation of law, poetry and politics, that the *nosologist is* generally left under the impression that its proprietor is a fool.

Your natural nose however is a downright poser, and we have been often as much puzzled in its study as Spurzheim may be supposed to have been, while contemplating a head without a *bump*, and at last, after many experiments, we are compelled to come to this conclusion, that it would be as difficult a task to see into a man's intellects through the medium of a natural nose, as if he had no nose at all.

EXTRAORDINARY ANECDOTE OF SQUIRRELS.

We have received a most interesting letter from one of our Virginia friends who recently left our Gotham and has returned to the old Dominion, impressed, as we hope all our visitors are, with a high opinion of our city and citizens. Of the latter portion of them he says "your Ladies are—with very few exceptions,—universally handsome,—much more so than in our other cities. We can assure our good friend that nothing will please us more than to find he fulfils the threat he makes for next fall to take *two to one.* We give an extract from the letter, in order that his most singular account of Squirrels may have the benefit of being told in his own words.

FARMVILLE, Va. May, 1833.

We have many wild Turkeys, Foxes, Hares and Squirrels in this neighborhood, and of the latter so many, that they often destroy whole fields of corn. A gentleman of my acquaintance told me an anecdote of the Squirrels which happened a few years ago on his farm on James River. He had observed one morning while the river was very high, that many of the little rogues, after having feasted during the night in his cornfield, swimming back across the river, (a common practice of the Squirrel) were caught by a leg, dragged under water, there to be devoured at leisure, by pikes. Now there was a pile of shingles lying on the bank, to be sent down the river, and the next morning as the gentleman walked out again, he saw each Squirrel dragging a shingle in the water, jumped upon it, and paddling across the stream,—thus escaping the maws of the ferocious pike. Now, Sir, don't you call this wonderful sagacity? I would give you more, but have not time until the days have got their full growth, when you shall hear again from your

Most ob'd't Servant
G. J. K.

Mr. Wallack is playing at the Mobile Theatre; Forest at the New-Orleans.

THE FASHIONABLE ENTHUSIAST.

At the musical entertainments of *Lord Whistler* at his mansion in Grosvenor square, one of the fair auditors, a Miss P. was observed to be frequently in tears. The sensibility of this girl was noticed by his lord-ship, who attributed it to the beneficial effect of the compositions, and with praiseworthy consideration he hastened to console her.

"Oh Lord! my lord, your lordship's strains are so heart-rending," exclaimed the sobbing lady.

"Nay, my dear creature, moderate this passion—a murrain seize my genius, if it distress you I will endeavor to mitigate my pathos, and veil the splendor of my talent. I know I am affecting—expression is my *forte.* But, oh! nature," exclaimed his lordship, looking up, "if I am endowed with these talents only to wring the heart of so fair a model of the perfections of her sex"——

"Forbear, my lord, to make any rash resolutions,—what would the western world lose if a pen of so ravishing a delicacy were permitted to rest.—I feel myself somewhat recovered now, and the second act of the opera may now proceed—but that tender passage—(*she attempts to sing it, but is overpowered by her feelings*)—I shall never get over it.

The noble composer walked about in despair, striking his forehead from time to time, and almost cursing the hour when he brought into the world so overpowering a genius. "In future," said he, mentally, "I see it will be necessary to have Sir Henry Halford in attendance, and a convenient infirmary fitted up."

The rest of the company bore the music pretty well, and the ladies were all bursting with envy at Miss P.'s lachrymal facilities, none of them being able to squeeze out a drop of brine.

"It is very surprising," exclaimed a good-humored dowager, "but the more cakes I swallow, & the more tea I drink, the less I am inclined to cry. One would like to gratify his lordship, and endeavor, as much as in one lay, to approve his power over the passions, and it must be confessed that if all the ladies present would draw out their handkerchiefs, and weep a little in unison, the effect would be good. But for my own part, I fear the attempt is vain, I feel always in such dreadful high spirits."

"What can be done, my dear friend!" said her neighbor, "his lordship will certainly think us the most callous-hearted of beings, if we sit with inflexible faces, while others are melted to the extremity of woe. I have it though—what think you of acupuncture as a remedy for sluggish sympathies, fortunately I have about me a convenient bodkin with which, if you like, I can slyly penetrate an inch or so into your lady-ship's flesh."

"Kind creature!" returned the other, "I should be most happy to render you the same service,—but methinks this operation would be more likely to make us scream than weep, and his lordship will never forgive us if we should shriek in the *piannissima.* He will never believe that he composes so finely that people cannot hear his compositions without shrieking."

* * * * * * *

But hark! the second act has commenced. More pathos and Miss P., I perceive, as bad as ever. See! she has dropped her handkerchief, and something rolls out upon the floor. Some charm for weeping, I dare say. (*To the footman.*) Pick it up, and see what it is."

"Please your ladyship," said the man, "it is much like the inside of a Spanish onion, as any thing I ever saw or tasted. (*Aside.*)—What a treat for a hungry beggar. O the wasteful prodigacy of the rich." "And so Miss P.," said his lordship, coming to the lady, "you have thought fit to reinforce my pathos with a Spanish onion, an approved receipt for the *lacrymagent*, I own: but one that I little expected *you* to combine."

"My lord!" said the young lady, "are you so ungenerous as to reproach me with the means I took to give you satisfaction? If this music had been played at Drury Lane or Covent Garden it would have been hissed. A composer cannot trust the words of his own friends in his own drawing-room—a surer test was necessary. I could not weep, but a kind vegetable granted what nature denied."

"You might have kept the secret a little closer," said the discontented composer.

FROM THE HUNDRED MERRY TALES OF SHAKSPEARE.

Of hym that rode out of London and had his servaunt folowyage on foote.

There was a manne on a tyme that rode v. myle out of London, and had his servaunt folowyng after him on foote, the whiche came so nere, that the horse strake hym a great stroke vpon the thyes.—The servaunte thynkynge to be reuenged, toke and threwe a great stone at the horse, and hytte his mayster on the raynes of the backe, who thought it had bene his horse. He within a whyle loked backe and chyde his servaunte because he came hallyng so farre behinde: the servaunt answered: Sir your horse hath gyuen me suche a stroke vpon my thygh, that I can go no faster. Trewely said his mayster, the horse is a great kyckar, for lyke wyse with his hele right nowe he gaue me a great stroke vpon the raynes of my backe.

Of hym that sought his asse and rode on his backe.

There was in the countrey of Florence an husbande man, that vsed to carve corne to the market vpon many lyttell asses. On a time as he came home warde, because he was somewhat werye, to ease him selfe, he rode on one the strongest of them.—And as he rode dryuynge his asses before him, he counted them, and forgot the asse that he rode on: wherfore he thought still that he lacked one. Thus sore troubled in his myude, he had his wyfe set vp his asses, and hastyly rode agayne backe to the towne vii. myles of, to seke the asse, that he rode on. He asked of every body that he met, if the saw an asse stray alone. Whan he herde euery bodyes saye they saw none suche, makynge great sorowe he returned home agayne. At laste whan he was alyghted his wyfe parceyued and shewedde hym playnlye, that the asse, that he rode on, was the same that he soughte and made suche sorowe fore.

Of hym that had his geese stole.

A man that had a goose stande from hym, went and complayned to the curate, and desyred hym to do so muche as helpe that he had his goose agayn. The curate sayde he wolde. So on comes the curate as though he wolde curse, went vp on to the pulpit, and bade euery body set downe: So whan they were set, he said: why sit ye not downe? we be set al redy, quod they. Naye (quod the curate:) he that dyd stele, the goose sitteth not, yes that I se, quod he. Sayeste thou that, quod the curate? I charge the on peyne of cursyng, to bryng the goose home agayn.

Of the Doctour that went wyth the Fooler to catch byrdes.

There was a doctour on a tyme, whiche desired a fooler, that went to catche byrdes with an owle that he might go with hym. The fooler was content, and dressed hym with bowes, and set hym by his owle, and bade hym say nothynge. Whan he saw the byrdes a fyght a pace, he sayde: There be many byrdes alyghted, drawe thy nettes: where with the byrdes flewe awaye. The byrder was very angry, and blamed hym greatly for his speakyng. Than he promysed to holde his peace. Whan the byrdes was in again, and many byrdes were alyghted, mayster doctour said in latyn. *Ires pecuniæ adsunt.* wherwith the byrdes flewe awaye. The byrder came out ryghte angrye and sore displeased and sayde: that by his babblynge, he had twyse loste his praye. why thynkest thou foole (quoth the doctour) that the byrdes do vnderstand latin? This doctour thought that the vnderstandynge, and not the noyse hadde feared awaye the byrdes.

Extraordinary Fecundity.—Wednesday, 29th ult. a ewe, of the Downs and Leicester breed, belonging to Mr. Walker, of Islip, in this county, brought forth two fine lambs, and on the Friday morning following, the shepherd was surprised at finding two more lambs by the side of the same mother, all four likely to do well.—*Oxford Herald.*

THE DRAMA.

Park Theatre.

The Kembles have returned from their Boston trip, but have not as yet broken through the old routine of their plays.—Fazio, the Hunchback and Stranger have follow

NEW-YORK TRAVELLER, SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

Foreign Intelligence.

The Whig ministry of England is every day becoming more unpopular. In Ireland, affairs have nearly reached their climax of misery. The Lord Lieutenant has issued a proclamation declaring Kilkenny both city and county in a state of insubordination, and Daniel O'Connell has made an appeal to the people on their present condition, in a very elegant, bold and lengthy paper. He has also addressed a shorter one to Counsellor Barrett, which, in order to share the determination and principles of this great man, in a yet more powerful light, we copy.

There is nothing of very great importance from France.

The Belgians are complaining of the insufficiency of the support of the English and French fleets in blockading the Dutch ports. The bold King of Holland is as determined and courageous as ever, and the subjects of Leopold are evidently placed in a state of serious difficulty.

In Portugal, Pedro has gained some advantages, but it is difficult as yet to guess what may be the result of this protracted puny war.

There are some interesting papers from Turkey. We extract a very late letter from Smyrna, from the Baltimore American.

London, April 8.—The *Courrier Belge* of Friday contains the following article:—

"We are able to give, as coming from the best authorities, the means employed by the Cabinet of the Hague to obtain the recall of the blockading squadrons which were off Helvoetsluys a fortnight ago.

The recall is now certain, for both the English and the French Admirals are absent on leave. The Dutch Government, immediately on the appearance of the squadrons, sent to London a special despatch to Lord Palmerston. It is stated that the King of Holland was resolved to order his army into Belgium if the squadrons did not withdraw.—Thus the dispatch anticipated the threat that might be made of a new expedition of the French army into Belgium to repel this measure. The French army will enter, and the Dutch will retire before it; but as soon as the French army retreats one step the Prince of Orange will enter Belgium again, and soon thus the French will be obliged to remain in Belgium some indefinite time, which will, doubtless, not be agreeable to the English and Germans. The proof that this was no bad expedient is that it has succeeded, and the squadrons have retired; and, in fact, with the system adopted by the Great Powers since the month of November last, the method was infallible. The Belgian army is forbidden to fight. The French are forbidden, when they enter Belgium, even to pass the Dutch frontier. Acting on these new data, it is evident King William could not run any risk by the means which he declared himself resolved to employ to cause the indefinite occupation of Belgium, and this occupation was calculated greatly to embarrass the English Ministry. It has naturally preferred yielding to the menace of King William, and transferring the blockade into a show of some ships of the second class, sailing from Deal, and returning every day, without Admiral, and without instructions. It is to be observed that the same means may be employed by King William whenever he thinks proper. He remains, in fact, master of the resolutions of France and England. Is not this a powerful reason for Belgium to disengage itself from the bonds in which it is held by two powers, which are themselves by threats on the part of Holland so infallible as those we have just mentioned?"

O'CONNELL'S LETTER TO COUNSELLOR BARRETT.

London 14, Albemarle-street, Wednesday.

My Dear Barrett.—The die is cast. We are slaves. Once more injustice has been committed towards Ireland. Let us now struggle for the double repeal.

First—Of this new Algerine Act.

Second—Of that Union which alone caused this Act to be passed.

I feel the awful duty imposed on me by the Volunteers. I will endeavor to perform it honestly, at least, if not well.

Announce to the people of Ireland that I intend on every Monday, whilst the Algerine act continues, to publish a letter to them in the *Pilot*. I will, please God, begin on Monday next.

I mean to take up in detail the necessary agitation in each county in Ireland. Our enemies shall not triumph over the people, nor put down the popular sentiment. We will still agitate within the law, and without either moral guilt or legal offence.

Call on the people to be quiet; to bear with patience this new indignity. Let them hope for better days, and better days must soon arrive.

Give a caution to the atrocious Whitefeet. They have played the game which the enemies of Ireland wished them to play. The execration of every good or honest man is upon their crimes. The vengeance of God will, sooner or later, be visited upon their wickedness.

How sincerely ought we not to detest the vilest of the vile Whitefeet—the last and worst of those villanous miscreants who have given strength to the enemies, and weakened the friends of Ireland.

But still I do not despair of my country. No.—Even in the crimes which are committed against her, there arises a hope that these crimes will accelerate their own punishment, and create thereby a state of things which will insure the speedy restoration of our national and constitutional independence.

Believe me to be, very faithfully yours,

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

GERMANY.

Frankfort, April 2.—The King of Wurtemburg, like the electoral Prince of Hesse-Cassel, has issued a manifesto dated March 29, in which the reasons for the dissolution of the Chambers are stated.

TURKEY.

Vienna, March 20.—The Constantinople mail of the 11th has arrived here, and though the letters are not all delivered, we learn that the city is indeed tranquil, but that considerable fermentation exists among the lower orders, which threatens the public safety, unless the Sultan has at his disposal a military force on which he can implicitly depend.

There are about 15,000 Turkish troops in the capital and environs, but their spirit is so bad that they would be more likely to promote disorders than to check them. It is therefore supposed that the Russian fleet which received reinforcements on the 15th of March, will not leave the Bosphorus, or at all events, will retire to a short distance only, in order to be able, if necessary, to return quietly to save the Sultan and his capital from destruction. The reinforcements above spoken of are said to consist of some frigates, 6000 troops, and 20 pieces of cannon. Two divisions of infantry in the principalities have approached the Danube to be at the disposal of the Porte. With all this it is not easy to see how the Sultan is to extricate himself from his difficulties; for though nobody can deny the good intentions of the Emperor of Russia in hastening to assist the Port without any artful views, yet every body is sensible that the Sultan has alienated the hearts of his Mahometan subjects by his eagerness for innovation.

VERY LATE FROM SMYRNA.

The fast sailing brig James Ramsay, Capt. Gumby, arrived at this port on Saturday, in the remarkably short run of only forty-one days from Smyrna, whence she sailed on the 7th April. Her passage from off Gibraltar to this port was made in twenty-two days. The accounts from Smyrna by this arrival are one month later than before received. The authority of the Turkish government—which, it will be recollected, was for a short time suspended in consequence of the presence of an Egyptian armed force—was now regularly maintained at Smyrna; and peace between the Porte and the Pacha of Egypt, was confidently looked for, through the intervention of the allied powers. This opinion is corroborated by the following extracts of letters from the best informed sources:—

Smyrna, April 6.—"We were waiting with great anxiety for further advices from Constantinople—Peace must be near at hand—at least every thing concurs in inducing this belief."

Extract of another letter, same date.

"Our last advices from Constantinople, to 30th ult., give hope that the great exertions making by the Ambassadors there will very soon result in a peace. When this desirable event takes place, we shall no doubt have a very animated business here."

Just previous to the sailing of the James Ramsay it was reported the Russians had entered Constantinople.—*Balt. Am.*

PORTUGAL.

LATEST FROM OPORTO

From the Hampshire Telegraph.

The Manlius transport arrived this morning (Saturday) from off Oporto, which place she left on Monday afternoon, having landed 279 men and several officers. The St. George, at the same time, landed 400, and the Lord Wellington a great many bullocks, with a large quantity of provisions; in fact, on the night of the 27th, about 50 sail of vessels landed all their cargoes. Several officers of Pedro's army came off to the Manlius; they were all in high spirits, and described every thing as going on well for the Queen's cause. Money by some means had reached Sartorius, with which he had been able to pay the Constitution and Portuguese corvettes, and the Villa Flor brig, and these three vessels were cruising off Oporto. A further supply of money was sent on the 26th from Oporto, in the London merchant steamer, for the fleet and Sartorius, with all his ships, was hourly expected at Oporto when the Manlius came away. Pedro now musters 5,000 English and 7,000 French troops, and his whole force was stated by the officers as not less than 22,000 men. There had been no fighting in any force since the 24th, though skirmishing was hourly going on, and the Miguelites were incessantly firing on the castle of the Fez, which is a bomb-proof fortress; in one day the Pedroites picked up 170 balls in the castle yard, and Pedro is largely supplied with shot in this way by his opponents.

The Scatflower cutter, Lieut. Morgan, arrived yesterday (Friday) from Lisbon and Oporto, having landed her mail at Falmouth on Thursday. She left Admiral Parker on the 27th, but was obliged to anchor within the bar, which she crossed on the evening of the 30th, and on the morning of the 31st she was off Oporto, and communicated by signal only with the Druid frigate. Some firing of great guns and musketry was then heard, the nature of which could not be judged. All the vessels that had carried out supplies for Don Pedro had succeeded in landing their reinforcements of men and provisions, and the vessels had all returned to England. Sartorius was still at Vigo. A small squadron of two French 80 gun ships and two large frigates, passed Lisbon for the Mediterranean on the 30th.

The following is an extract of a letter we have received, dated Lisbon, March 29:—"Our monotony was a good deal relieved this afternoon by the arrival of Don Carlos and Don Sebastian, with his Princess from Madrid; they came down the Tagus in a splendid barge, rowed by 100 men, and were saluted by the Portuguese fleet, and all the French and English men of war; the latter ships manned yards as the Royal party passed them, it having been previously understood that this compliment was to be paid to the Spanish flag only. Had any Portuguese standard been flying, the French and English ships would not have saluted. From the best information we can collect, there is no doubt but that Don Pedro will eventually succeed. He has had a difficult part to play, and has performed it well; he has been blamed for not having made sorties, and for not having endeavored to get to Lisbon, but the fact is, he has done much better, and has played a surer game. In Oporto he is safe; he may be annoyed, but he cannot be beaten out; while, on the contrary, had he advanced he might have been vanquished, and have had no place of retreat; he landed with less than 7,000 men, and has now 17,000 well disciplined soldiers, while, on the contrary, Don Miguel's 40,000 men, with which he originally environed Oporto, is diminished down to 25,000, of whom only 8,000 are regular soldiers: the remainder are guerillas and militia, and are very sickly, and badly clothed, to remedy which latter, the inhabitants of this city are called on to furnish shirts and other apparel. The official account of an attack made by the Miguelites on a Pedroite battery on the 24th is just published, in which, of course, the Miguelites claim the victory; and, in fact, they did succeed, having completely destroyed the battery, but at a loss which is very carefully concealed in the statements. I know that the Miguelites lost 500 men in that affair, and the loss to the Pedroites did not exceed 200 men. Don Miguel's fleet is now ready for sea; it looks in very good order, and consists of one 74, one 44, three 26 gun corvettes, and three brigs.

GREECE

London, April 3.—Accounts have been received from Greece this morning to the 4th March, by which we learn that nothing can be proceeding more satisfactorily than both the labors of the Regency and the manifestation of satisfaction on the part of the people generally. The two chiefs Colocotroni and Tzavellas, from whose previous influence and marked ascendancy more was to be apprehended, if an inimical disposition had continued to exist, than from any one else, had both given in their complete adhesion, and every thing was in the best train possible. It is also pleasant to learn that, far from taking any advantage of the enthusiasm of the moment to form a close government, the Regency was anxious to make one as genuinely open and constitutional as the Greek social state will admit. It appears that our resident, Mr. Dawkins, newly accredited with the power of a minister, was the first representative of a leading power that congratulated King Otho on his accession, who appeared highly gratified at the circumstance. Nothing can be more cordial than the professions of esteem both from the people and government to the British nation, and their pleasure at the appearance of any of our ships of war on their coast is excessive.

Trieste, March 26.—The Ionian brig Telemachus, arrived here in eleven days from Corfu, and brought intelligence from Greece. The Greek Regency has given to the heads of the several departments of the administration the title of Chancellor.

The chancellor of the War Department has sent orders to commanders of irregular troops to allow them to return home until the organization of the army. Part of the French troops are said to have already sailed for Toulon. On the 25th Feb. the wealthy inhabitants of Nauplia gave a splendid ball to King Otho.

Syria, March 9.—Bavarian commissioners have arrived here to organise on a new system, the Government, the provinces, and the sanitary regulations. The French are said to have embarked in their own ships at Napoli to go to Navaria, and we are assured that perfect tranquility prevails at Napoli and in the environs.

Accounts from Greece to the 13th of March, received at Corfu, are equally favorable. They declare that the greatest tranquility and order prevail in the new kingdom. The French, however, are said not to have yet embarked.—*Allegemaine Zeitung, April 6.*

A GALLANT FIGHT

BETWEEN A BULL AND A RAM.

On the morning of the 22d inst. as ——, of Buckingham township, was feeding his cattle in the barn yard, a large four year old *bull* and *ram* came in collision as each was attempting to possess a straggling lock of hay. The latter perceiving his expected morsel about to be swallowed by his adversary, drew back to the distance of fifteen or twenty feet, and with a well directed stroke which sounded like a mall, almost prostrated the mighty quadruped. The blow was near being repeated, when the bull retreated, and was pursued by the ram round and round the enclosure, while the head and horns of Aries came bang against the sides and rear of Taurus, with such oft-repeated knocks, that he roared vehemently. At last, coming up to a five rail post fence, he cleared the arena and made down an adjoining lane muttering imprecations at every jump. His pursuer, steady to his purpose, ran under the bar raised some feet from the ground and soon came up with his enraged and affrighted antagonists—the head of the ram still approaching, with the precision of an engineer, the unprotected part of the *foe*; while every shot of the assailant evidently moved on the bulwark, and increased its velocity in open space. Having arrived at the boundery of the course, both suddenly wheeled, and with the speed of race horses, came full in view of the farm house—Taurus bellowing with rage and fright, and Aries giving him a full salute at the distance of about every twenty yards. Running one eighth of a mile, brought them to a fence straight across the course. Here the bull, exhausted and panting for breath, with his tongue extended, once more put himself in attitude for battle—His antagonist was instantly to meet him, but being the more exhausted of the two, and the bull being driven to desperation, with phrenized force now became the assailant, and with one tremendous thrust, planted one of his horns, the whole length, in the side of his adversary, just behind his shoulder. These terrible pushes were several times repeated, and the brave but unfortunate animal expired instantly. Having slain his enemy, he stood gazing at him for some moments with "dread concern," lest he should rise again; and when the farmer had reached the spot, he found the victor still gazing at his fellow enemy, and unwilling to be driven from the scene of action. The ram was a noble animal of the kind—he had been more than once attacked by dogs, but owing to his courage (as is supposed) escaped without material injury. At the age of one year and three months, he sheared 6 1-4 lbs. of wool.

An obscure Correspondent.—In the course of an examination, which took place a short time ago at one of the police offices, mention having been made of a letter, the Magistrate asked if the communication was not anonymous. "Oh, yes" replied the witness, "it was—*very* anonymous, your Worship."

THE MERMAID.

AN IRISH TALE.

Near the town of Waterford, lived Dennis O'Reilly, the fisherman, whose strange adventure with the Mermaid was the talk of the country for miles round. I had heard so much of this wonderful occurrence, that I was resolved to satisfy my curiosity by hearing Dennis himself relate it, and the first time morning I set out for the purpose of paying him a visit. Previous to commencing my journey, I understood that his cottage was only a few miles distant, but I found by experience, that there was no trusting to such information, for the few miles proved to be at least twelve. Fortunately, the old fisherman was at home when I arrived, and upon learning that the wish to hear his story had actuated me to make the call, he was evidently gratified. With his own hands he dusted the family arm chair, (the date of which would have puzzled an antiquarian), and requested me to be seated while he went to procure some refreshment. During his absence, I amused myself with examining the various implements of fishing with which the walls of the cottage were ornamented; together with a quantity of curious fishbones, fossils, shells, &c., which, upon inquiry I discovered he had collected as playthings for his children, and now remained mementos of his former hazardous occupation: he soon returned, bringing with him a brimming mug of genuine potheen, which he handed to me, protesting that it was doubly excellent, from the fact of its never having seen the ugly face of a gauger. I never saw a finer specimen of placid old age than Dennis presented, as he sat before me, the few white hairs were thinly scattered over his venerable forehead, his features, though wrinkled, still wore the healthy colour of youth, and as he became animated in his relation, his dark eyes sparkled from beneath their snowy lashes. I shall no longer encroach upon the reader's patience, but merely relate the story (as nearly as I can) in Dennis's own words:

"It was a most beautiful evening in July, (I remember it ould as I am, as iv it was only yesther-day,) whether it was the heat iv the sun, or what I don't know, but I had no luck at the fishin all day, an was intindin to stay out as long as the light lasted to thry an catch somethin for the childhers supper. Well, sir, I was gettin weary and tired wid waitin, an sayin to myself it id be betther for me to go home, fish or no fish, when all at once I felt a tangle in the nit. The Vargin be praised, says I, here's somethin worth taking up at last; well, sir, I hauls an hauls, an what the divil do ye think I pulls up but a rigtar Marmaid, skreechin an cryin an tearin her long hair. 'The top iv the mornin to ye ma'am,' says I, as I turns her into the boat, an whin I gave a look at her whin she was safe in, divil take me iv I did'nt almost spit wid laughin to see the quare lookin fish I cotch for supper. There she sot in the starn iv the boat, for all the world like any other christian, barrin the small matther iv tail, an by my sowl, dam well she'd a look'd iv any body had the dacency to throw a shift over her. At last she opens her mouth, an 'Mike,' says she, (I wondher how the divil, she found out my name,) 'You've cotch me.' 'Tell me somethin I don't know an I'd be oblig'd to ye,' says I. 'An I suppose you won't let me go,' says she. 'You may say that,' says I not till you give me somethin for breakin my nit.—'What'll you have,' says she. 'Why thin I'm rather puzzled to think what to have just now,' says I. 'I'd rather, iv its all the same to you, take a minut or two to considher,—'Thim make haste, Mike avic,' says she, 'for you see I'm afeard I'll get cowld in my tail from havin it so long out iv the wather, an while you're thinkin I may's well fish a bit for ye;' an wid that, shure enough, she draus out one iv the nits, an, by goxty, she cotch them by dozens, until at last I was fairly obliged to tell her not to throuble herself for fear'd that she'd sink the boat. 'Well, Dennis, asthore,' says she, 'what am I to give ye to let me go?' 'Why thin, ma'am,' says I, 'I've been just thinkin that the devil take the *cauheen* Judy leaves me that she does not play the very puck wid thryin to blow up the bit iv fire, besides burning the corners of iv all her *praskeens*.' 'You havn't got such a thing as a bellus?' 'To be sure I have,' says she, cunnin enough, 'but they're down stairs in the kitchen, an you must let me go for them.'' 'May be you wont come back?' says I, '*I will*,' says she; an then I made her swear upon her sowl, like an omadhaun that I was, I might av known that the divil a sowl she could have wid only half a body. Well, sir, to make a long story short, I had a little cruskeen iv potheen wid me at the time, an I made her take a dhrain iv it just to keep the cowld from off her tail, thin I loosens the nit, an in a jiffy she whips her tail in her mouth, an gives one jerk into the wather, about a boat's lingth off, and the divil such capers iver ye saw in all ye'r life as she cut when she got there, splashin an divin, and dancin about: by my sowl, I think it was the dhrop affected her, not bein used to it. At last, afther havin the mischiefs own fun iv her own, she sot herself down on the top iv the wather, wid her tail undher her arm, just as nathural as you're sittin in that chair. 'Why thin aint ye goin down for the bellus?' says I. 'Musha, may the divil take you and the bellus,' says she; 'iv you dont cut your stick out iv that, by my soul, I'll sind a bellus iv wind afther ye, that'll make you sail somewhere else.' You may be sure, sir, that I didnt wait to be bid twice, for I knew she could do it iv she liked—so I gave up all thoughts iv the bellus, an continted myself as I was steerin home in the dark, wid considherin what I'd get for my boatful of fish, an what a trate I had in store for Judy and the childher. Well, sir, I thought I might as well sort thim abit afore I got in, an wid that I put my fist down into the bottom iv the boat to feel for them, and, bad luck to the fish there was, good, bad, or indifferent: an I herd the deceatful divil laughin an skreechin for miles behind me.

"You may think, sir, that I went home mopish enough afther bein disappointed both in the fishes an the bellus; but angry as I it didnt give me half so much consarn as when Judy towld me it was her belief that I wasn't out at all, an that I must have been dhrainin all the time."

TRENTON RACES.

Sir.—In the notice of the Trenton Races, I observe that I have accidentally omitted to report the mile race of the last day, and conceiving it but justice to the owner of the winning horse to give it publicity, you will oblige me by inserting it in your next number.

With respect, Yours,

O. BAILEY.

Trenton, May 20th, 1833.

EAGLE COURSE.—1 mile heats—3 entries.

Mr. Badger's Sally Anderson, b. m. 5 years old, by Jno. Richards, dam by Prize Fighter—	111 lb. 3 3
Mr. J. H. Vanmaters Tempest, b. h. 4 years old by Tormentor—dam by Lottery	104 lb. 1 1
Mr. J. H. Holmes' Mark Richards, ch. h. 6 years old, by Jno. Richards—dam by Revenge,	121 lb. 2 2

1st Heat—Sally Anderson took the lead, Mark Richards next, and Tempest closely following hand in hand. On the 3d quarter the mare apparently gave up, and Tempest very handily obtained the lead, and kept it throughout, beating Mark Richards about a length. Time 1 53

2d Heat—The mare was now drawn, and Richard and Tempest got off well together—Tempest evidently had the foot, and won easily. Time 1 52

Yrs. B.

Note.—In the account of the 3 mile race the time of the 2d heat was omitted in the printing. This was the severest running and done in the shortest space of any heat in the race. Mr. B. Badger's "Uncle Sam," winning the 2d heat in 5 52. Ed.

The Lexington (Ky.) Gazette notices the exhibition, in that place, of a Miss Snyder, a young lady about nineteen years of age, who is regarded as one of the greatest natural curiosities ever seen. The lady has neither hands nor arms, nor is there to be seen the least appearance of an arm! She has one leg and foot complete, with the exception of the toes being only *four* instead of five. The other leg has but one joint (that of the ancle) and is only about half the length of the first; the foot having on it (like the other) only four toes. She is three feet one inch high, weighing sixty pounds, is in possession of all her mental faculties, converses very fluently on any subject, and is very fond of engaging in conversation with her visiters. She sews, knits, paints, cuts a variety of flowers, watch papers, &c., and writes tolerably well with her left foot.

Melancholy Accident.—A sail boat, containing four young lads, was upset in our harbour Wednesday afternoon. Three of them were picked up in an exhausted state, but the fourth, a son of the late Capt. Jacob Taber, of Fairhaven, a promising youth, about 17 years of age, was drowned, by a dog which was in the boat with them, getting upon his shoulders and preventing his keeping himself afloat.

A LITTLE WANDERER.

The New-York Evening Post contains the following account of the loss of a child. A parent may guess the sensations of the father when he discovered his little daughter in Courtland-Street.

On Friday morning about 10 o'clock, a little girl about two years and a half old, wandered from the house of her father in the upper part of Mott street. The child's name was Catharine Kean; she had begun to talk, and was able to tell her christian name and the name of the street in which she lived, but not her surname nor the number of her residence. The parents were almost distracted with the loss, and searched every part of the neighborhood without success. The search, in which they were humanely assisted by the neighbors, was continued all day; and during the night the father continued to walk the streets looking for his child, and several times applied to the watch-house in hopes of obtaining some information respecting her. The next morning he brought an advertisement of the loss to the office of the Evening Post. On going out he continued the search, and about eleven o'clock in the morning, as he was walking down Courtlandt street, near its intersection with Washington street, about a mile and a half by the shortest direction from his house, he discovered the child, to his extreme joy, walking on the pavement before him. She had probably wandered about the city the whole day and night after leaving her house, nor is it supposed that during that time she had taken any sustenance. It is remarkable that she was not discovered and taken care of by the watchmen.

Atrocious and Diabolical Murder.—A friend and correspondent residing in Telfair county, Ga. has forwarded to us, under date of 10th inst. the following account of the late murder of a respectable citizen of that county.

In the county or Telfair, Georgia, on the evening of the 29th ult. as Capt. Hugh Cook was returning home from the village of Jacksonville, from which place he lived seven miles, he was met or waylaid, it is thought by two miscreants, (as the signs of two were plainly seen) and shot with a shot gun, when three miles and a half from the village. Three of the shot entered different parts of his body, and disabled him so that he fell from his horse—his horse was also wounded. He was found the same evening, by one of his negro men, who obtained the assistance of Mr. Leslie, the nearest neighbor, and carried him to the house. He was speechless from the moment he was found, and died at the house of Mr. Leslie, on Wednesday morning following, the first of May.

Two individuals, William Parker, and Lazarus Williams, were strongly suspected of having committed this shocking and sneaking murder, the former being the father-in-law of Capt. Cook, and the latter his (Parker's) overseer. The citizens of Jacksonville and others, immediately procured a warrant for these men, and had them both arrested; and on the 6th of May, they were brought before the proper officers, and examined as to the charges alleged against them. About twenty witnesses were sworn, and their whole evidence tended to confirm the opinion before prevalent, that they were alone guilty. The latter individual, the overseer, has always been considered a lawless vagrant a fit subject to be hired as an assassin: but Parker the father-in-law of Capt. Cook, has hitherto made a show of religion, but his deadly malice and confirmed rancour against the unfortunate Capt. Cook, was most clearly and conclusively proven at the examination, by the pastor of the church, who is one of the most respectable clergymen in our country, as well as by several other respectable witnesses. The result was, that the four persons who composed the court, all entertained the same opinion, and they unanimously agreed to commit the prisoners to Telfair county jail, for further trial at the Superior Court, to be held on the third Monday in October next.

The indignation and rage of every class of citizens of the county, in which the crime was committed, has scarcely ever been equalled in any community. Not a single voice has yet been raised in favor of these men, and conviction rests on the mind of every person that the perpetrators will be seasonably brought to condign punishment. All the evidence elicited at their examination for commitment was taken down by Col. Graham, Attorney in behalf of the state, which will be preserved until their trial, to compare with future evidence—it is now in the hands of one of the Court.

Capt. Cook was universally considered a worthy, peaceable, and useful citizen—was a native of Dauphin county, N. C. in which county he was raised, from whence he removed to Georgia ten or twelve years before his death—was very charitable to the poor, and served several years as sheriff and deputy Sheriff of the county in which he died. He was 35 years of age—has left a widow and also an orphan son, not more than two years of age, besides two helpless sisters, who were dependent on him for a home and for support, and who are now left without one near relation.—*Philadelphia Gazette. May 22.*

Thunder Storm and Loss of Life.—Yesterday afternoon, this city was visited with a severe storm of rain, attended with heavy thunder and sharp lightning. During the storm, the lightning struck in several places. In the east section, it struck a school room in Avenue D, near Second street, passed down the side of the wall and knocked down an interesting child of about eight years of age, who survived but a few minutes: she school room was much shattered. At Peck slip, it struck the top gallantmast of the ship Sutton, one of the Charleston line of packets, run around the mast, cutting a spiral channel down to the foretopmast head, whence its progress could not be traced. The Gazette mentions that during the storm, a cartman who was loading in a cellar, left his horse, and ran into an adjoining grocery. After the shower was over, he returned to his work, but to his astonishment the water had risen to the horse's neck, and it was with difficulty he was saved from drowning.

P. S. Since the above was in type we have ascertained that the child's name is Robert Harman, —the parents resided in Sixth street—the father is a ship carpenter.—The school was kept by Mr. Abraham K. Van Vleck, and at the time of the accident was crowded with scholars. In consequence of the crowded state of the school room, some of the children were daily seated in the passage way, and in this place the deceased was when struck.

Sir Archy.—This famous horse has cleared for his proprietor, (independent of his achievements on the turf) $70,000. He is still living, but in the extremity of old age, (in his 30th or 31st year.) His vigor is extinct. He has not shed his hair for several years, and it has grown to the length of two or three inches. A gentleman who has lately seen him, says that of all animals he is the worst looking, and would be the last taken for the most celebrated horse of the age. His owner treats him with all possible kindness, as it would be unpardonable indeed if he did not. Provender, without stint, at rack and manger, and a soft and delicate bed, proclaim the Proprietor's gratitude. The door is left open to allow his egress and ingress at pleasure, but it is observed that Archy only comes out to drink, and having done so, immediately returns to his stable. Except those of the finny tribe; it is conjectured that Sir Archy's posterity outnumbers that of any living animal.—*Richmond Whig.*

The Kembles, notwithstanding what has been asserted about their *unprecedented* success, did not draw so full houses as master Burke—he played the same number of nights that the Kembles did, and the receipts of the Theatre during his engagement exceeded the amount received during that of the Kembles by *five thousand dollars.*—*Boston Post.*

Mr. E. P. Player, of Truro, has 10 ewes which brought forth in 1831, 21 lambs; in 1832, they had nine double births and one treble birth, making also 21; and in the present year, they have had eight double births, one treble, and one single birth, making 20; in all 62 lambs from 10 ewes, in three years.—*Falmouth Packet.*

Washington Irving.—This distinguished American citizen passed through Charlottsville, Va., a few days ago—on which occasion, as we learn from a Virginia paper, a great number of the students paid him a visit at his lodgings; and afterwards a meeting was organized, and a committee appointed to invite Mr. Irving to partake of a dinner with them. Mr I however, being compelled to "return to New York by a certain day," necessarily declined the invitation.

A personal rencontre yesterday took place in the Centinel Office, between Mr. Adams, the editor of the Centinel, and Sumner L. Fairfield, Esq., editor of the North American Magazine, actor, poet, gentleman, &c. It is stated that Mr. F. attempted to *gouge* Mr. A. for publishing an article in the Centinel of yesterday, reflecting severely upon the modest appearance of Mrs. F., who, in the style of Mrs. Royal, is endeavouring to collect subscribers for the Magazine of which her husband is editor. Mr. Fairfield lost one of his teeth in the affray.—*Boston Atlas.*

Married,

In this city on the 5th inst. by the Rev. G. Benedict, Mr Daniel Cooke to Miss Clarinda Whitehead.

On Thursday evening the 16th instant, at Throg's Neck, Westchester, by the Rev. J. M. Wainwright, Wm. M. Hartshorne, M. D. to Emily, daughter of the late Wright Post, M. D. of New York.

On Thursday evening, 16th inst. by the Rev. A. Maclay, Elbert Jackson, merchant to Miss Elizabeth J. Robins, all of New York.

At Dix Hills, L. I. on Wednesday evening, May 8th, by the Rev. G. R. Parburt, Mr. Nathaniel Hedrick, of Smith-Town, to Mrs. Hannah Conklin, of the former place.

At Sunken Meadows, L. I. on Wednesday evening, May 15, by the Rev. G. R. Parburt, Mr. William Robbee, of Brooklyn, L. I. to Miss Ruth Ann Jarvis, of the former place.

Died,

On Thursday, in New York, Mrs. Jan Milnerd, of France, in the 66th year of her age.

Suddenly, the 17th inst., on board the U. S. ship Franklin, at the Navy Yard, Brooklyn, Capt. Joseph C. Hall, of the U. S. Marine Corps.

At Brook Haven, on Monday the 13th inst. Mrs. Eliza Gelling, aged 39 years, the widow of the late Dr. Joel L. Gelling, of Guilford, Conn., and the eldest daughter of Thomas S. Strong, Esq.

EAGLE COURSE.—TRENTON.—The second meeting on the Eagle Course at Trenton will take place on Wednesday the 12th June next, commencing with a purse of 100 dollars, 2 mile heats; Thursday, 150 dollars, 3 mile heats; Friday, 100 dollars will be *trotted* for, 2 mile heats, and same day, a 3 years old Colts purse, $50, 1 mile heat, will be run for. The Horses will be started each day at 12 M., precisely.

Entrances must be made before 5 o'clock, P. M. the day previous to each race.

Trenton, May 20, 1833. m25

BALLOON—*GRAND ASCENSION*—CHAS. F. DURANT will make his fifth ascension from *Castle Garden*, on Wednesday Afternoon, the 29th inst. No expense has been spared to ensure the success of this ascension, with a new BALLOON, larger and more splendid than any that has preceded it. The garden is fitted up with every accommodation for the purpose, where 10,000 persons may be seated with comfort, and witness the process of the inflation.

The gates of the garden will be thrown open at half past 1 o'clock: the inflation will commence at 2—at 3 o'clock, a small Balloon will be let off, to show the direction of the large Ærostat.—At half-past 3, a *Dolphin*, of gold beater skin, will be passed round the area of the garden. At 4, the Pioneer, with the constitutional flag of Donna Maria, will be sent off. At half past 4, Mr. Durant will enter his CAR, and passing round the Garden, held by the cords, will, after the final preparations, commence his ERIAL VOYAGE, amidst the floating banners and the sound of artillery.

Tickets 50 cents. Children under 12 years, half price. For sale at the garden only. The office will be open the whole day, and the public are invited to provide themselves with tickets in advance, to avoid inconvenience from a crowd. m25 f29

VAUXHALL GARDEN is open for the season.—This delightful place, truly the only legitimate Garden in the city, is now ready to receive company. The proprietor has considerably added to the beauty and embellishments; the shades of the foliage is not equalled in the Union; sanitary band performs every evening; and on Sunday evenings will be performed, under the direction of Mr PEARSON, selections of Music from the works of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, &c.

Season Tickets may be had at the Garden. Single tickets, for a Gentleman 2 dollars; for a Gentleman and four Ladies, or Children with their parents or servant, 5 dollars. m25

A HANDSOME SUITE of unfurnished Apartments to let in one of the most healthy and pleasant parts of the city. Apply at 268 East Broadway. m25 1m

P. O'BRIEN, Tailor, Draper and Clothier, No 128 Centre street. m18

THE NEW YORK MIRROR.—For the present week is embellished with a beautiful view of the Falls of the Sawkill, painted by *Bennett*, and engraved by *Durand*. Also with an original piece of Music, composed by Thomas Comer, entitled "Now while the star of love is bright," the poetry by Rufus Dawes, Esq. All the papers in the present number are *original*. The following is the table of contents:

1. EMBELLISHMENTS.—Falls of the Sawkill, engraved by Durand from a drawing by Bennett.
2. MUSIC.—Now while the star of love is bright, arranged by T. Comer.
3. The Reformer.—An historical sketch, in seven chapters.
4. Second Notice of the National Academy of Design.
5. American Academy of the Fine Arts. Mr. Thom's statues.
6. Amid the joyous revelry—in verse.
7. First Impressions of Europe—Number 15.
8. Old Songs—An Essay, by our London Correspondent.
9. The Disastrous Wedding. A Sketch, by Gertrude.
10. Wonderful Effects of Music.
11. Literary Notices—Life of John Jay.
12. Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb.
13. New York Musical Society.
14. Notices to Correspondents.
15. Paupers.
16. The Iliad.
17. Improvements of the Age.
18. Physical Exercise.
19. Accuracy of Style.
20. Schoolmasters.
21. The clock has chimed the midnight hour—in verse.
22. Style.
23. Take off, my love, that vest of snow—in verse.
24. Stay! stay! thou bright departing sun—in verse.
25. Boston Notions.
26. Peculiarity of Expression.
27. Matter and no matter.
28. Epigram on a dull author.
29. Life.
30. Imitated from Dorat.
31. New Music of the week.

The Mirror is published every Saturday, at the *corner of Nassau and Ann streets.* It is *elegantly printed* in the super-royal quarto form, on fine paper, with brevier and nonpariel type. It is embellished once every three months, with a SPLENDID SUPER-ROYAL QUARTO ENGRAVING, and every week with a popular piece of music, *arranged for the piano forte, harp, guitar, &c.* Fifty-two numbers complete a volume of *four hundred and sixteen large pages*, for which a beautifully ENGRAVED VIGNETTE TITLE-PAGE, (painted by *West* and engraved by *Durand*,) and a copious INDEX, are furnished. The terms are only FOUR DOLLARS per annum, PAYABLE, IN ALL CASES IN ADVANCE. It is forwarded by the earliest mails to subscribers residing out of the city of New York. Communications POST PAID, must be addressed to the editors. No subscriptions received for a less period than one year m24

GOLDEN DIAPHORETIC TINCTURE, FOR RHEUMATISM.—This Medicine having been used in their practice by a number of Medical gentlemen of this city, of the highest standing, for this disease and all others (which depend on like causes) is now offered to the public in the full belief that it is superior to any article in the whole compass of medicine. It effects a cure without nausea or irritation, and has never failed to relieve or cure when the directions have been strictly attended to. It is not our intention to weary the reader by speaking of the virtues of a medicine which need only be used to prove it is not the intention of the subscribers to deceive. The following extract is from the work of a medical gentleman whose reputation stands as fair as any in America:—

"Of all the Diaphoretic Medicines I have used, the most powerful is a preparation prepared at the N. E. corner of Sixth and Race streets, Philadelphia, by E. Evans. The preparation is but little known, although from what I have frequently witnessed of its effects, I am fully satisfied that it is a 'peculiarly valuable remedy.' JOHN EBEGDE, M. D.

Professor of Materia Medica and Botany, in the Ohio Medical College."

The following highly respectable Surgeon of this city has used and is willing to testify that it is a superior medicine. GEORGE McCLELLAN, M. D.

Professor of Surgery in the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia.

Another well known medical gentleman who has used it with entire success, kindly consents to give his name for reference.

GEORGE W. RITER, M. D.

The following gentleman informs me that he has succeeded in every Rheumatic case.

M. M. LEVIS, M. D.

I have used the Diaphoretic Tincture, sold by J. W. Burns & Co. and am prepared to say that I have always succeeded in curing Rheumatism and fevers generally with it. THOMAS E. WARE, M. D.

In Sixth street above Race, Philadelphia.

CERIFICATES.

I have been long afflicted with Rheumatism, and had almost despaired ever recovering; I could not move; in a word, I was as helpless as an infant. Dr. Eberle was called in and prescribed the Diaphoretic Tincture; I took it regularly, and from that moment began to recover. I am now well, and have had no return of this most acute disease. This certificate I give with pleasure, for I hope sincerely that it may become generally known that there is a cure for Rheumatism. JACOB KEYSER,

Residence No. 8 Market street, Philadelphia.

Until I used the Golden Diaphoretic Tincture, I supposed the Rheumatism incurable; I have recovered and again enjoy good health

WM. HOFER, Harrisburg, Pa.

Other respectable certificates could be furnished, but we deem it fully, as every one can be satified by referring to the above respectable persons, or at the Medicinal Store, N. E. corner of Sixth and Race sts.

☞ The Golden Diaphoretic Tincture, soldonly by J. W. BURNS & CO. N. E. corner of Sixth and Race sts. Philad: and E. A. McCLEAN, 225 Greenwich st. corner of Robinson, New York. m25

PEALE'S MUS

UNITED STATES TRAVELLING & BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

CARDS.

A. L. DE ROSE,
PORTRAIT PAINTER,
95 Liberty street. a12 1y

GEO. M. K. UNDERHILL, Pocket Book Manufacturer, No. 50 Fulton street, New York.

LEONARD DEVOE, Boot and Shoemaker, 104 Laurens street.

THOMAS GREEN, Draper and Tailor, corner of Prince street and Broadway, New York.

J. BURDELL, Dentist, 302 Broadway corner of Duane street, entrance in Duane street.

WILLIAM HACKETT, Boot and Shoe Maker, No. 48 Nassau street.

FRANCIS AGER, BROWN JUG TAVERN, an old established English House, 538 Pearl, near Elm street, New York.

LECOUNT & HAMMOND, Map, Chart, and Topographical Engravers, No. 4 Wall street.

T. R. WHITNEY, Engraver, Copper Plate Printer, and Printer in Gold, No. 11 Madison street

JOHN DARLEY, Draper and Tailor, corner of Liberty and William streets.

J. BARDOTTE'S Gentlemen's Dressing Rooms, 146 Broadway.

MEEKER & CLARK, Cabinet, Chair and Sofa Warehouse, 58 Broad street, New York.

WILILAM N. THOMAS, Looking Glass Manufacturer. No. 126 Canal street.

A. ELSTON, fashionable Boot Maker, No. 114 Wall street.

BREWSTER'S Hat Store, 307 Broadway, New York. Hats made to any pattern.

HOOD & REEDER, Drapers and Tailors, 69 Fulton street.

SIMEON HAINES, No. 56 Broad street, Manufacturer of all kinds of Cabinet Furniture.

SHERMAN & DUBOIS, Merchant Tailors and Drapers, 102 Broad street, corner of Pearl, New York.

SETH B. SPALDING, Draper and Tailor, No. 9 John street.

W. H. CHAPMAN, Stock and Glove Store, No. 1 Maiden Lane. N. B. French and English Fancy Goods.

RUSHTON & ASPINWALL, Druggists, 110 Broadway. Medicine delivered at any hour of the night.

CARDS of address, Invitation and Profession, designed and engraved by Geo. W. Teubner, 410 Pearl street, opposite Vandewater, New York.

DOWNING'S Oyster establishment, No. 5 Broad street. N. B. Sufficient room to accommodate from forty to sixty persons, in separate apartments from the bar.

WILLIAM HUTCHIN'S plain and fancy Dry Goods Store, No 396, Pearl street, between Oak and Madison streets, New York.

J. CAMPBELL, Looking Glass and Picture Frame and Gilder, No. 164 Fulton street, New York. N. B. Old frames repaired.

J. L. CLARK'S Old Established and Truly Lucky Office, 168 Broadway, New York. Bank notes examined and all Lottery information given gratis. Please call at Clark's.

STINEMETS & BOLEN, Drapers and Tailors, corner of Broad and Wall streets, New York. N. B. Naval and Military uniforms executed in a superior style.

PARSELLS, Manufacturer of very superior Stocks of Silk, Satin, Bombazine, Velvet, &c. &c. 264 Broadway. Parsells would particularly recommend his beautiful article, the Cravat Stock

A. R. WHEELER'S ROOM FOR WRITING AND BOOK-KEEPING, at No. 251 Broad way. dec8-

BOARD.—One or two Gentlemen can be accommodated with good Board, at 229, Washington street. 12

BOOTS AND SHOES POLISHED AND REPAIRED in the best style at No. 88 Nassau st. n the basement, by
nov10 GRIFFIN & THOMAS.

TO MEDICAL STUDENTS.

BUCK'S CHEMISTRY, price $1 50; Emmons' Mineralogy, price $1 50; Buck's Medical Jurisprudence, price $5; Mayrier's Anatomy, price $2—just received and for sale by
SWORDS, STANFORD & CO.
No17 152 Broadway.

TO PRINTERS.—For sale cheap, a font of Long Primer, a fount of Small Pica, and a small fount of Brevier, all of which has been a little used. They would answer or a country newspaper. Enquire at No. 7 Wall st or at this office.
March 9 tf

BLACKMAN & CROSSINGHAM, successors to John Chapel, No. 70 Fulton street, N. Y. offer for sale Paste and Liquid Blacking in any quantity. Also, a handsome article of black and red Ink. Water proof Black Ball that will preserve the leather and keep the feet dry. Also, Varnish, &c. All goods from their Factory warranted equal to any in the United States.

HEROY & JONES, Watch and Clock Makers, 187 Greenwich street. Clocks, watches, jewelry, gold, silver and plated ware; seals, keys and rings; pins and other goods usually kept in their line, for sale and repair.

ISAAC D. NEAL, Apothecary and Druggist, No. 2 Franklin square, New York. Particular attention paid to Physicians prescriptions and Family Medicines. Medicine Chests for sea voyages, Plantations, &c.

LOOKING GLASS AND PICTURE FRAME MANUFACTORY, No. 44 Chatham street, New York.—DEL VECCHIO respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues manufacturing Looking Glasses and Picture Frames wholetale, retail, and for exportation, and he warrants the articles that he manufactures of a superior quality. His terms will be found liberal.
N. B. Old Looking Glasses newly silvered and old frames regilt. Mch 2

JOHN MANGIN, No. 22 Wall street, Importer of Watches, Clocks, Musical Boxes, Materials and tools for watch makers. J. M. has always on hand a complete assortment of the above articles, which he offers at wholesale or retail on the most accommodating terms. Watches, Clocks, and Musical Boxes carefully repaired.

MR. ARNOLD, Surgeon Dentist, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in London, respectfully informs his friends and the public that his office is at No. 24 Vesey street, near St. Paul's church, where he performs all operations connected with his profession according to the latest and most approved principles.
Deficiencies of the Teeth supplied either with natural or mineral substances as required. Feb 2 2m

CATSUP, a very superior article, manufactured and sold at the corner of Broadway and Fulton street, where the best of OYSTERS and other Refreshments are served up to suit the palate of the most fastidious epicure.
Jan19 JOHN A MERRELL.

GOLD AND SILVER LEAF.—For sale at the manufactory No. 67 Watts st. New York; also gold, silver, and German bronzes, warranted superior quality, at the lowest prices.
N. B. Dentist's gold, silver and platina, and tin foil of superior quality, will be forwarded by the single sheet or ounce, at the shortest notice and lowest price, free of charge, by GEORGE S. WAITE,
jl9 67 Watt st. New York.

JOHN B. PERO, Hair Cutting Rooms, No. 2 & 3 in rear Dock Square, near City Tavern, Boston. Perfumery and Fancy Goods, wholesale and retail.

A SUITE of handsome unfurnished Apartments to let from the first of May next, in one of the most healthy and pleasant parts of the city. Apply at 268 East Broadway. a29

WANTED.—A Gardner who has been 20 years in the business, which he has a thorough knowledge of, in all its branches, wishes a situation in any part of the Union—he can give the most satisfactory references for good character and capability. Address C. B. (post paid) Museum House, corner Broadway and Anthony streets, next door to the Farm Hotel. Feb2

COAL.—SCHUYLKILL, LEHIGH & LACKAWANNA COAL, of the first quality, for sale in lots to suit purchasers, by
JACOB SOUTHART.

RICHARD AUGUSTUS, 46 William street, has discovered a composition that completely prevents the cracking of leather—and is willing to warrant well made Boots (receiving his preparation daily) to wear over six months before the upper leather breaks. The gloss it gives is very superior, and entirely supersedes the necessity of blacking.
Richard Augustus, would be much pleased to explain more particularly to any gentlemen who will do him the favor to call and try the advantages of this discovery

FOREIGN and American Snuff Store.—Fine Havana Cigars, Cavendish Tobacco, Cigar Cases, Sugar Tubes, Snuff Boxes, Foreign Pipes, Smoking Tobacco, &c. &c. always on sale at Mrs. G. NEWCOMBE'S, 297 1-2 Broadway, between Reed and Duane streets.

Popular Houses.

ADELPHI HOTEL,
38 STATE STREET, ALBANY, BY
J. CROSS.
Opposite the Rail Road Stage office, and near the Steam Boat Landing. m11

NIBLO'S HOTEL,
No. 112 BROADWAY, BETWEEN PINE AND CEDAR *streets, New York.*

THE subscriber returns his grateful acknowledgments to his friends and the public for the liberal support afforded him since his establishment in this city. Having found, however, that the name of his hotel, which he originally adopted, (Congress Hall,) subjects him to many inconveniences in consequence of the proprietor of a public establishment in his immediate vicinity having assumed the same title, and being unwilling by a continuance of the present name of his house, to embarrass his neighbor as well as himself, he has resolved on changing the same to that of NIBLO'S HOTEL, hoping under this new title to merit a continuance of public patronage. No situation in this city can present more advantages to permanent and transient guests than Niblo's Hotel. Its central location, being near the principal places of amusement and its vicinity to the public offices and business part of the town, renders it a most desirable resort for families and gentlemen engaged in commercial and other pursuits.

The experience which the subscriber has acquired as proprietor, for many years, of that extensive establishment the EXCHANGE HOTEL, in Petersburg, Virginia, and subsequent as an associate with Mr. Heiskill of the City Hotel, Philadelphia, will, he trusts, prove a sufficient guarantee to all who may honor him with their patronage, that nothing shall be wanting on his part, or by those in his employ, to contribute in every respect to their accommodation and comfort. dec 22

CLINTON LUNCH,
Corner of Liberty street and Broadway.

THE proprietors of this establishment, which has been opened since May last, in consequence of the unparalleled support they have received, are induced to come before the public with their best thanks for the liberal patronage bestowed on them, and to assure them that instead of relaxing in their exertions to please, (which is too much the case with many who undertake to conduct similar establishments,) they are stimulated to increased exertions, if possible, and determined to preserve in the same straight forward path in which they have commenced, hoping thereby to deserve a continuance of that support they have hitherto so liberally been favored with. The undersigned being averse to all kinds of common-place puffing, have been determined that this establishment should rise or fall by its own merits or demerits; and as they have now been six months fairly before the public, and that public having continued daily to increase its patronage, they are justified in presuming that the course they have pursued in conducting this establishment has been generally approved, and as a proof of their determination to spare no pains or expense in improving and enlarging the same from time to time, as circumstances may require, for the public accommodation, they have now to announce that they have, at a very considerable expense, fitted up and handsomely furnished an extra Dining Room on the first floor, which was opened to the public on the 8th instant, the entrance to which is from No. 73 Liberty street. The proprietors will now be enabled to get up Dinners and Suppers for private parties, of all the delicacies of the season, in a style equal to any establishment in the city, at the shortest notice. Their Wines and Liquors will as usual continue to be chosen from the oldest and most choice stocks in the city, and the personal exertions of the proprietors will be continued, and their best efforts exercised to please and to deserve public patronage. The Ordinary, as usual, will be conducted on the most liberal principles. Hot Coffee and Tea at all hours from 7 in the morning till 12 at night. Oysters of the best quality, in all their varieties, and Soups of every description at all times.
nov 10 GOOLD & ATKINS.

TAMMANY HALL,
Opposite the City Hall, New York.

THIS Establishment has been fitted up in as good a style as any House of its class in the vicinity, and is furnished throughout in a good style, for the accommodation of the public on the following plan.

Gentlemen can take their lodgings by the single night or by the week, as they please without any reference to Board, if he wishes refreshments he can have them at any time he pleases and what he pleases to select from the Bill of Fare, which will hang in the refectory or Bar Room with the prices of every article attached thereto. In the Basement Story is the Refectory, where Refreshments of most every kind may be had on the most reasonable terms, and in handsome style at a minutes notice, from Sun rise until 12 o'clock at night. On the 2d Floor is the Bar and Reading Room.

The Lodgings are cool and comfortable being in the most healthy and pleasant part of the city, overlooking the Park and fronting on the City Hall. Clubs, Dining and Supper parties can be accommodated on the most reasonable terms. The Bar is stocked with the choicest of Liquors and Wines, and the Larder furnished with the best the market affords, and no pains or expense will be spared by the proprietors to make this establishment a comfortable retreat for all those who will honor them with their patronage. *Price of lodgings, Per week.* $2,00, 3 nights, $1,00, single night 37 1-2 cents. mar 1 tf

REMOVAL.
L. CRUTTENDEN, of Albany,

HAS left his situation on the "Hill," and has taken the EAGLE TAVERN for a term of years, where he would be pleased to see his *old* acquaintances as well as his *new friends*.
N. B. The reasons for the above transaction, and "they are as plenty as blackberries," I shall be the subject of a forthcoming communication; although many of them he shall reserve for the *private ear* of his friends. He intends, likewise, to give hereafter, a very pompous and swelling account of all the excellent articles that he shall have in the house and on the table; the very superior treatment his guests shall receiver &c. He will even enumerate the number of dishes that will be on the table, as well as a number of other, ridiculous things that cannot be mentioned at this time.
june 13 1y Eagle Tavern, Albany.

CONGRESS HALL,
PARK PLACE, Albany,—By W. LANDON,
(Formerly Cruttenden's.)

N. B. A Porter with a waggon, will be in regula attendance to carry baggage to and from the boat *free of expense.* june 1y

LINE OF OMNIBUSES
From Twelfth street to Wall street.

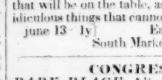
ROSWELL BEACH, has purchased this Line throughout, and having added, as an Extra, the beautiful little carriage "Tom Thumb," has determined to start, alternately every fifteen minutes, the following splendid Stages, viz. the Benjamin Franklin, Paragon, Veteran, Albion, and Tom Thumb, which are not surpassed in convenience or beauty by any in the city. The horses have been procured at great expense, and are kept in the best condition for "the track." The Line being now in first rate order, the Proprietor hopes, by the regularity of starting, the excellence of his Horses, and the assiduity of his Drivers, to deserve the patronage of those whose convenience will be facilitated by the above arrangement, and of the citizens of New York generally.

N. B. Some dissatisfaction having been expressed by the holders of tickets, which were purchased from the former owner of this line, the present Proprietor begs leave to state, that when he purchased this line of coaches, he did not obligate himself to redeem any Tickets which might have been sold by the former Proprietor, previous to his purchase, and furthermore, that he has received as cash, Tickets surrendered and of course a dead loss. In the trusts therefore it will not be considered illiberal in him, that he declines redeeming Tickets for which he has not received one cent, and which he never obligated himself to redeem, and which if he should redeem, would involve him in an expense greater than the undertaking under any circumstances would warrant.
New York, January 26, 1833. Jan 26

MIDDLE ROAD TO HARTFORD.
WINTER ARRANGEMENTS,
To intersect the New Haven Steamboats.

STAGES will leave Wilder's General Stage Office, 11 Elm street, Boston, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 7 o'clock, A. M. lodge in Ashford, and arrive at Hartford next day at 10 o'clock, A. M. and in New Haven at 6 o'clock same evening, where passengers can take elegant steam-boats or stages at 7 o'clock the following morning for New York. Returning, stages leave Hartford Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 2 o'clock, P. M. lodge in Ashford, and arrive in Boston at 6 o'clock, P. M.; passing through Brighton, Newton, Natick, Sherburne, Holliston, Milford, Mendon, Uxbridge, Thompson, Pomfret, Ashford, Coventry, East Hartford to Hartford. Fare from Boston to Hartford, $5—from Hartford to New York, $4 50.
dec 29 J. BROOKS, Agent.

NEW LINE OF MAIL COACHES.



From Lowell, Mass. to Springfield, Mass. to run in a Line with the Springfield, Hartford & N. Haven steamboats for New York, and will leave Lowell Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 3 o'clock A. M. passing through Tyngsford, Dunstable, Pepperell, Lunenburg, Fitchburg, Westminster, Templeton, Petersham, Dana, Greenwich, Enfield, Belcherton, Granby, Chickopee Village, and arrives at Springfield same days, at 8 o'clock P. M. and in New York on the morning of the 3d day.

RETURNING,

Leaves Springfield, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 3 o'clock A. M. passing through the above mentioned towns, and arrives in Lowell, at 8 o'clock same day.

Fare from Lowell to Springfield, $4 50.
March2 *N. B. MOSELY, Agent.*

Stages and Steamboats.

NO MONOPOLY ! ! !
PEOPLE'S LINE FOR PHILADELPHIA,
Via New Brunswick, Princeton and Trenton.

The steamboat NEW YORK, Captain J. Vanpelt, leaves Pier No. 2, North River, foot of Morrison street, daily Sundays excepted, at 6 o'clock in the morning, for New Brunswick, where passengers will take Reeside's splendid Troy-built 4 coaches and proceed through Princeton to Trenton, from thence take the steamboat PHILADELPHIA, Capt. L. Davis, and arrive at Philadelphia early the same afternoon. Fare through $3.

Passage to and from New Brunswick and Amboy, 37 1-2 cts. Breakfasts 37 1-2 cts.

The proprietors of the People's Line rely on the generous public, in sustaining them against a mammoth monopoly, whose wish and interest it is to put down all competition, to enable them to charge the highest prices they can; which they will do if there is no rival line to oppose them. A fair and honorable competition, with a choice of conveyance, is always an advantage to the public.

For Seats apply to THOMAS WHITFIELD, old No. 1 Courtlandt street, and at the People's Line Office 31 Washington street, opposite the wharf, or on board the boat.

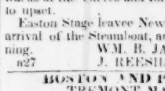
All Specie, Goods, Baggage, &c. at the risk of the owners thereof.

For the accommodation of travellers and safety of their baggage, the same coaches run through from boat to boat, without the inconvenience of changing on the road.

N. B. Passengers who take this line avoid the great danger and inconvenience which they are subjected to in travelling on crooked Rail Roads, so often experienced in consequence of the cars getting off the tracks at the curves and turnouts, and thereby liable to upset.

Easton Stage leaves New Brunswick daily on the arrival of the Steamboat, and arrives the same evening. WM. B. JAQUES, Agent, for
n27 J. REESIDE & CO. Proprietors.

BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE R. R.
TREMONT MAIL STAGES.



Leaves Boston every morning at 5, and Providence at 6 o'clock.

Also, Steam Boat Mail leaves Providence every day, on the arrival of the boats, and arrives in Boston from one to three hours in advance of the principal part of the Stages of the Citizens line.

For Seats or Extra Coaches, in Boston, apply at City Tavern, Brattle-street and Washington Coffee House, 158 Washington street. In Providence, at Tremont Stage Office, corner of Market square and South Main street, and to the Agent on board of the Boats on their arrival. All Baggage and Freight is at the risk of the owner thereof. Passengers wishing to travel by this line will please not to pay their stage fare on board the Boats. C. B. WILDER, Agent.

N. B. It will be seen by reference to several papers of the city, that the Citizens Stage Company have broken out with new advertisements, purporting to be that they were running the only Stages from this City to Providence, to connect with the Boats; *evidently designed to give the impression in full*, that the Tremont Mail Stage Company had been beaten off the route—which had reinstated them in the full possession of the whole Line, and given them another opportunity to monopolise and impose upon passengers, as has been their custom at ALL times, when a good wholesome opposition has not kept them within proper bounds.

As they have practised such a course of deception upon us so long, we pay no regard to such foul tongued imposition, other than to say that we have made very large additions to our former stock, which enables us to run more regular, with much better Stock and Coaches, and in less time, from the Boats, on an average, than any other line on the route. m11

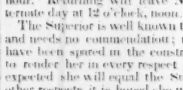
NEW-HAVEN & HARTFORD
STEAMBOAT LINE.
Daily; Sundays excepted. Passage from New-York to Hartford, including stage fare, $3. To New-Haven, $2.

The steamboat SUPERIOR Capt. Sanford, and the new steamboat SPLENDID, Capt. Bucher, will on Tuesday the 28th inst. commence a daily line and run as follows:—From the steamboat place, foot of Beekman-street. The Superior will leave every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday morning at 7 o'clock. The Splendid, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning at the same hour. Returning will leave New-Haven on the alternate day at 12 o'clock, noon.

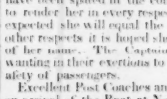
The Superior is well known to the travelling public, and needs no commendation; no pains nor expense have been spared in the construction of the Splendid to render her in every respect a first rate boat. It is expected she will equal the Superior in speed and in other respects it is hoped she will be thought worthy of her name. The Captains and Stewards will use their exertions to promote the comfort and safety of passengers.

Excellent Post Coaches and horses are always ready on arrival of the Boat at New-Haven, to convey passengers to Hartford, Providence, and Boston. a30

WINTER ARRANGEMENTS.
FOR BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE, VIA NEW-LONDON.



The steamboat GENERAL JACKSON, Capt. D. Havens, will leave the East River steamboat place foot of Beekman street, on Friday afternoon, at 4 o'clock.



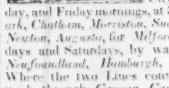
Stages will be in readiness on the arrival of the boat at New London, to convey passengers by the way of Norwich to Providence and Boston. Her regular days of leaving will be from New York on Tuesdays and Fridays; from New London on Mondays and Thursdays. Freight taken at fair prices. For further information inquire of
J. SANTON & CO. 114 South street.
JACOB CORLIES & SONS, 283 Pearl st.
Jan 19

WESTERN LINE OF STAGES,
New Arrangement.—Daily, Sundays excepted.

THIS Line of Stages will leave Joseph I. Roy's Steam Boat Hotel, Jersey City, on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings, at 3 o'clock, by way of *Newark, Chatham, Morriston, Suckasunny Plains, Stanhope, Newton, Augusta*, for *Milford*. On Tuesday, Thursdays and Saturdays, by way of *Paterson, Pompton, Newfoundland, Hamburgh, Dockstown to Milford*. Where the two Lines connect, and run six times a week, through *Canaan, Carbondale, Dundaff, Montrose*, to *Owego*, and thence through *Ithaca* to *Geneva*, daily.

Intersecting Lines.—At Newton, this Line intersects a Line of Stages, running from Newburgh, through Easton, to Philadelphia. At Milford, in misery, a Line running three times a week, to Easton, Penn. At Montrose it intersects a daily Line from Chenango Point to Philadelphia, by way of Wilkesburre, Bethlehem, &c. Also, a Line running to Baltimore, through Wilkesburre, Berwick, Northumberland, Harrisburgh, &c. A Line leaves Montrose, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, for Bradford County, Towanda, &c. At Oswego, it intersects a Line to Tioga Point, Newton, Bath, Oham Point, &c. From Carbondale, a Line leaves daily, for Blakely, Providence, Pittston, Wilkesburre, Newport, Berwick, Danville, Northumberland, &c. For seats, apply at 71 Courtlandt street, or to James Kenney, No. 56 Pearl street, New York, or to Joseph I Roy, Jersey City
JOSEPH I. ROY,
SEARL & HORTON,
STOCKTON, STOKES & AVERY,
mar 8 by *Proprietors.*

SOUTHERN AND WESTERN
STAGE OFFICE.—LOWELL, Mass.



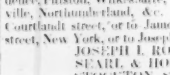
LOWELL, WORCESTER, HARTFORD & N. YORK
Daily Line of Stages, leave Lowell Daily (Sundays excepted) at 7 A. M. and arrives in Worcester at 4 P. M. and in New York the 3rd day.—Returning, leave Worcester, at 7 A. M. daily, and arrive in Lowell, at 4 P. M. Sundays excepted.

LOWELL, BRATTLEBORO AND ALBANY
Daily Mail stages, leaves Lowell daily (Sundays excepted) at 7 A. M. Through to Albany in two days. Fare six dollars. Returning, leaves Baker & Waldridge's stage office, Albany, daily, Sundays excepted, and arrive in Lowell, the 2d day 4 P. M. with the exception of Saturdays. Passengers that leave Lowell or Albany on Saturdays will not arrive until Mondays, at Lowell and Albany. This Line intersects at Lowell all the eastern stages, daily, for Haverhill, Newburyport, Dover, Saco, Portland and Augusta.

LOWELL, KEENE, SARATOGA SPRINGS, AND ALBANY Stages leave Lowell daily, at 7 A. M. and arrive at Saratoga Springs and Albany the 3d day—through by daylight. Returning, leave Saratoga Springs daily, and arrive at Lowell the 3d day at 4 P. M.—Passing through Manchester, Chester, Vt. Walpole, Keene, N. H. and Groton, to Lowell

Passengers wishing to pay the fare at Lowell, can have tickets through to any place mentioned in the above advertisements, on application to the subscriber. Books kept in Lowell at the American House, Washington Hotel, and Mansion House.
THOMAS A. STAPLES, Agent.
march2 *Lowell.*

NEW YORK AND BOSTON STEAMBOAT COMPANY
FOR NEWPORT AND PROVIDENCE.



The splendid steam boat BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, Capt. E. S. Bunker, and the PRESIDENT, Capt. Robert S. Bunker, will leave New York and Providence every Monday, Wednesday and Friday—will leave New York at 5 o'clock, P. M. and Providence at 12 o'clock, M.

For further information, apply at the Office, No. 14 Broad street, or to the Captain on board, at the foot of Courtlandt street. mch 23

Stages and Steamboats.

FOR NEWPORT AND PROVIDENCE.
From the foot of Fulton street, E. R.
ARRANGEMENT FOR MARCH, 1833.

The new and splendid low pressure Steam Boats BOSTON, Capt. William Comstock, and PROVIDENCE, Capt. Seth Thayer, will leave New York and Providence on the following days:—

The BOSTON will leave New York at 4 o'clock P. M. and Providence at 12 o'clock, M.

FROM NEW YORK.		*FROM PROVIDENCE.*	
On Saturday, March	2	On Tuesday, March	5
Thursday	" 7	Saturday	" 9
Tuesday	" 12	Thursday	" 14
Saturday	" 16	Tuesday	" 19
Thursday	" 21	Saturday	" 23
Tuesday	" 26	Thursday	" 28
Saturday	" 30		

The PROVIDENCE will leave New York at 4 P. M. and Providence at 12 o'clock, M.

FROM NEW YORK		*FROM PROVIDENCE.*	
On Saturday March	9	On Thursday March	7
Thursday	" 14	Tuesday	" 12
Tuesday	" 19	Saturday	" 16
Saturday	" 23	Thursday	" 21
Thursday	" 28	Tuesday	" 26
		Saturday	" 30

The splendid boats have each two heavy copper boilers and are propelled by low pressure engines. For further particulars, apply to the masters on board, or RICHARD S. WILLIAMS & CO. corner of Fulton and South streets. March 9

STAGE OFFICE.
Earl's, No. 36, Hanover Street, Boston.

NEW-YORK Commercial Mail, via Worcester Hartford and New Haven. Leaves Boston every day, at 10 P. M.

Mail Packet for New-York every day at 1 P. M lodge at Worcester, 2d day, Hartford and New Haven.

Albany Mail Stage, via Worcester, Northampton, Pittsfield and Lebanon Springs, every day, Sundays excepted, at 2, A. M.

Albany Mail Stage, via Springfield, Stockbridge and Lebanon Springs, every day, Sundays excepted, at 2 A. M.

Steam Boat Lino, via Hopkinton, Sutton, Dudley, Woolstock, Ashford, Tolland to Hartford, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 9 A. M. Arrives in Hartford 2d day, at 12, M., in season for Steam Boats to New-York.

Worcester Accommodation, Old Road, through Watertown, Waltham, Weston, E. Sudbury, Marlboro', Northboro', and Shrewsbury, to Worcester, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 10, A. M.

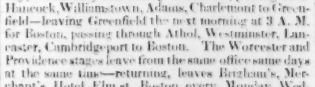
Worcester Accommodation via Watertown, Waltham, Weston, E. Sudbury, Saxonville, Framingham, Southboro', Westboro', to Worcester, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

Dudley Mail Stage, via Loughton, Newton, Needham, Natick, Framingham, Southboro', Westboro', Grafton, Millbury, Sutton, Oxford to Dudley, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 7 o'clock A. M. Four Coaches furnished at short notice. apr 12 1y

LOWELL AND BOSFON
Stage Company Office, No. 9 Elm St, Boston.

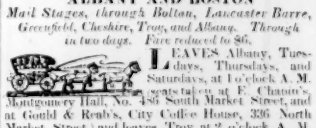
COACHES leave Boston for Lowell, every day, (Sundays excepted,) at seven o'clock in the morning, and two and three o'clock in the afternoon. Leaves Lowell for Boston at 7 and 8 A. M. and 1 and 3 P. M. Extra coaches furnished at any time in the day.
apr 12 1y JAMES NEWELL, *Agen*

PHOENIX LINE.
Albany, Troy, Greenfield, Boston, Worcster and Providence Stages.



LEAVE Chapin's Montgomery Hill, South Market st. Albany, and Babcock's, City Hotel, Troy, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 2 A. M., passing thro' Hancock, Williamstown, Adams, Charlemont to Greenfield—leaving Greenfield the next morning at 3 A. M. for Boston, passing through Athol, Westminster, Lancaster, Cambridgeport to Boston. The Worcester and Providence stages leave from the same office same days at the same time—returning, leaves Bradshaw's, Merchant's Hotel, Elm st. Boston, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 8 o'clock, A. M., and arrives in Greenfield at 6 P. M., Troy and Albany second day at 5 P. M. J. S. KEELER, Troy,
GEO. JONES, Boston.
june 20. J. B. & O. RICHARDSON, Albany.

ALBANY AND BOSTON
Mail Stages, through Bolton, Lancaster Barre, Greenfield, Cheshire, Troy, and Albany. Through in two days. Fare reduced to $6.

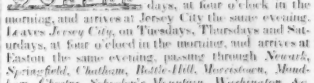


LEAVES Albany, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 1 o'clock A. M. seats taken at E. Chapin's, Montgomery Hall, No. 488 South Market Street, and at Gould & Remb's, City Coffee House, 336 North Market Street,) and leaves Troy at 2 o'clock, A. M. seats taken at Huddleston's Benschart House, and at Thurston's Mechanic Hall,) and arrives at Greenfield, at 6 o'clock P. M. the same days. Leaves Greenfield, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 2 A. M. for Troy Albany and Boston, and arrives at Troy at 5, P. M., Albany at 6 P. M. and Boston at 7 P. M. same days. Thus Line leaves Wilde's Hotel, Elm Street, Boston, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 2 o'clock A. M. and arrives at Greenfield at 6 o'clock P. M. This Line intersects the Worcester and Providence and Hartford Stages at Amherst. mar 1 1y

LOWELL & BOSTON.
NO. 9, ELM STREET, BOSTON.

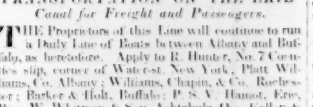
COACHES leave the above Office every morning, (Sundays excepted,) a 7 o'clock, for Newhampshire Vermont, and Canada All of th above coaches pass through the great manufacturing towns of Lowell, and most of the principal towns in New Hampshire, and Vermont JAMES NEWELL, *Agent.*
apr 21. 1y

NEW-YORK AND EASTON
Mail Coach.—Winter Arrangement.



THIS line leaves White's Hotel, Easton, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at four o'clock in the morning, and arrives at Jersey City the same evening. Leaves *Jersey City*, on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at four o'clock in the morning, and arrives at Easton the same evening, passing through *Newark, Springfield, Chatham, Bottle-Hill, Morristown, Mendham, Chester, Schenley's Mountain, Washington*, &c. At Easton this line intersects lines running daily to *Philadelphia, Manch Chunk, Pottsville, Reading, Wilkesburre*, &c. For seats, apply to John Patten, 73, Courtlandt Street, New-York; or J. I. Roy, Jersey City. At Easton, apply at White's Hotel. All baggage at the risk of the owners
mar 8 tf J. I. ROY & CO.

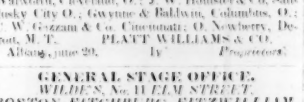
MERCHANT'S LINE.



TRANSPORTATION ON THE ERIE
Canal for Freight and Passengers.

THE Proprietors of this Line will continue to run a Daily Line of Boats between Albany and Buffalo, as heretofore. Apply to E. Hunter, No. 7 Coenties slip, corner of Water-st. New York, Platt Williams, Co. Albany; Williams, Chapin, & Co. Rochester; Barker & Holt, Buffalo; P. S. V. Hamot, Erie, Pa; W. Whitman & Son, Ashtabula, O.; Kelley & Walworth, Cleveland, O.; J. W. Hollister & Co. Sandusky City, O.; Lawrence & Baldwin, Columbus, O.; C. W. Gozzam & Co. Cincinnati; O. Newberry, Detroit, M. T. PLATT WILLIAMS & CO.
Albany, june 20. ly *Proprietors.*

GENERAL STAGE OFFICE.
WILDES, No. 11 ELM STREET.
BOSTON, FITCHBURG, FITZWILLIAM, and Brattleboro' Mail Stage.



THE public are respectfully informed, that the Mail Stages on the above route will in future, leave the General Stage Office, Wildes', No. 11, Elm Street, Boston, every Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and arrive in Brattleboro' at 2 P. M. where it intersects all the west-ern, southern and northeastages. Returning, leaves Brattleboro' every Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 3 o'clock, A. M. and arrives in Boston at 6, P. M.

CITIZEN'S LINE OF MAIL COACHES
From Boston, through Fitchburg to Keene.

Leaves the General Stage Office, Wildes', No. 11, Elm Street, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and arrives in Keene, N. H. at 6 P. M., where it connects with all the northern Stages. Returning leaves Col. Harrington's Eagle Hotel, Keene, N. H. every Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 6 A. M. and arrives in Boston at 6 P. M. Passengers wishing to take seats in this line, will be particular to apply in Boston, at the General Stage Office, No. 11 Elm Street,—in Keene, at the Eagle Hotel.

BOSTON FITCHBURG, KEENE and Burlington Mail Stage.

Leaves Col. Harrington's Eagle Hotel, Keene, N. H. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 4 o'clock A. M. and arrives in Boston at 7 P. M. Returning, leaves the General Stage Office, Wildes', No. 11 Elm Street, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and arrives at Keene, N. H. at 7 P. M. where it connects with all the northern Stages. Passengers wishing to take seats in this line, will be particular to apply in Boston, at the General Stage Office, No. 11 Elm Street—in Keene, at the Eagle Hotel.

E. ESTABROOK, Agent at Keene.
C. FIELDS, Agent at Boston.
mar 1 eply

New Inventions.

RODGER'S PATENT
Newly invented and Highly Improved Balance FIRE ENGINE.

JOHN F. ROGERS & CO. are manufacturing, at Waterford, Saratoga county, N. Y., on an extensive scale, *Rogers' Patent Balance Fire Engine*, and the Company do not hesitate to recommend it to the public as decidedly superior to any Fire Engine now known. It has been tested by skillful Engineers at the United States Arsenals at Gibbonsville and Washington, and pronounced by them to be superior to all others. The Government Arsenal at Washington is now supplied with one of the said Engines, and the Proprietor has on hand a contract with the Government for the supply of all their principal Arsenals.—This Engine combines the advantage of more power at less cost than any other machine, and needs only to be examined and tried to ensure it a preference to all others. Engines will be made promptly to order, of such dimensions and power as shall be required, and at reasonable prices. june 20.

AN ELEGANT ARTICLE.

ECONOMY and Luxury combined in *JOHNSON'S PATENT SOFA BEDSTEAD!*—The Subscriber takes this method to return his grateful acknowledgments for the very liberal patronage extended to him the last season, and again begs leave to call the attention of the public to his Patent Sofa and Settee Bedstead. This article is essentially different from any previous attempt to combine the Bedstead with the Sofa or Settee. It is constructed on principles peculiar to itself: with the size, strength, and convenience of the ordinary four post Bedstead, it possesses the symmetry, beauty, and finish, of the ornamental Parlour Settee or Sofa. The bed and bedding are enclosed, and again extended with the greatest ease, and without removing them from their place on the sacking. To private gentlemen, or families boarding, they save the expence and an extra room. To invalids, and those who would enjoy the luxury of sleeping by a parlour fire, to boarding-house keepers, to masters of vessels, to the owners of country seats, &c. they are perfectly invaluable. The extraordinary demand for the Patent Sofa Bedstead is the best criterion of its utility. Upwards of seven Hundred of them have been manufactured by the Patentee within a short period, their value at a fair estimate, being sixty Thousand Dollars. These Bedsteads are adapted to any climate, and may be transported at a trifling expense. The Proprietor warrants the Sofa Bedstead to fully answer the description which has been given of its merits; and, from his long experience in this particular line of business, all attempts at imitation on the part of Pretenders, may be regarded as mere witticisms, and, as such, ought to be guarded against by the community.

N. B. The Patentee now offers for Sale, Patent Rights to applicants in any part of the United States. The Subscriber has constantly on hand, at his Ware